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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES B. BECK

AUG. 23 AND SEPT. 13, 1890

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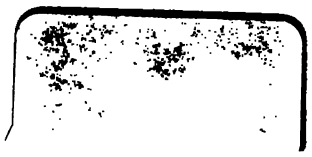

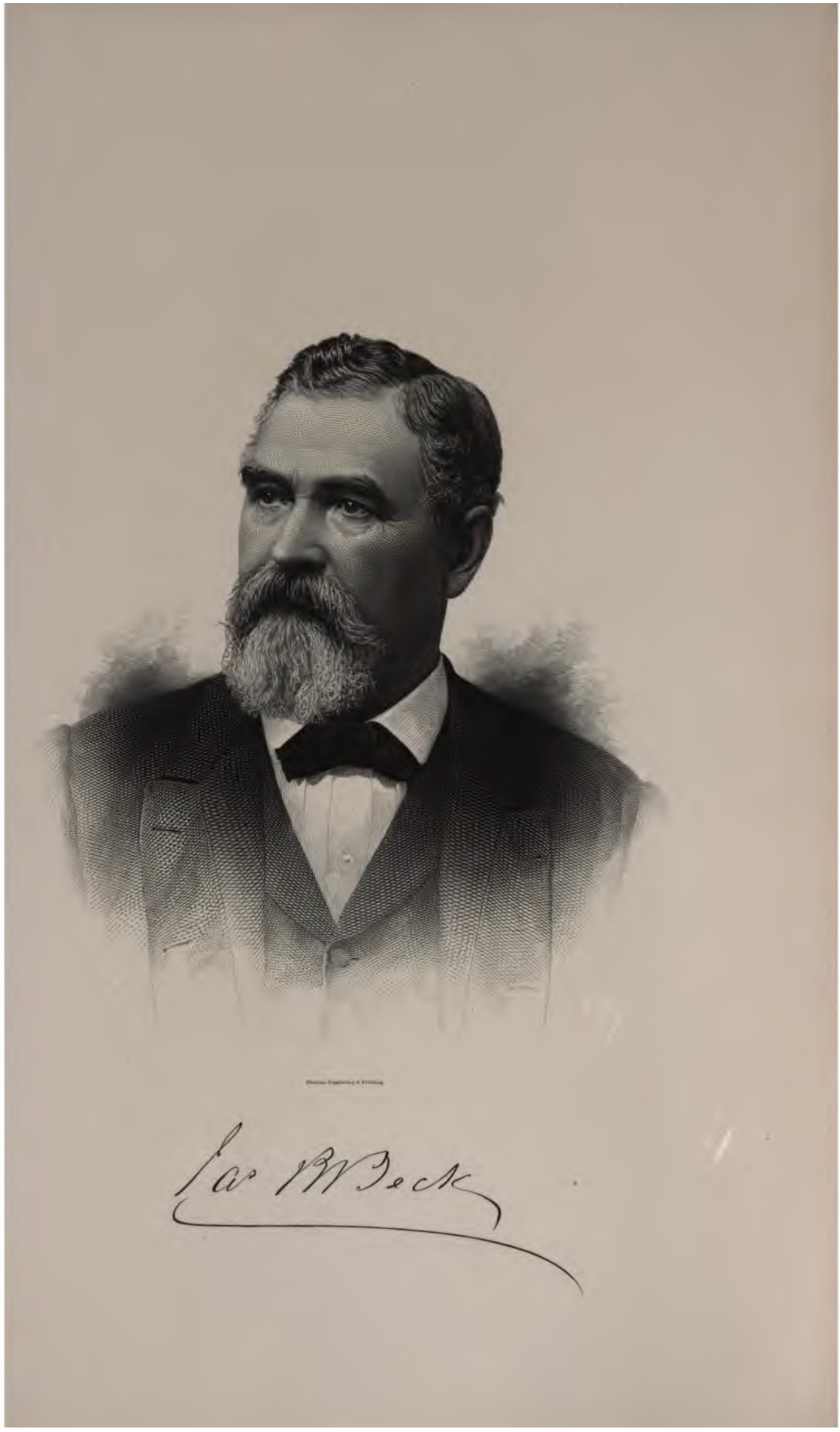

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES B. BECK,

(A SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

AUGUST 23 AND SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

Prepared in accordance with joint resolution of Congress, and under direction of the Joint Committee on Printing,

BY

W. H. MICHAEL,

CLERK OF PRINTING RECORDS, UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON:

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

1891.

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JOINT RESOLUTION TO PRINT THE EULOGIES ON HONORABLE JAMES B. BECK.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress on the late JAMES B. BECK, a Senator in the Fifty-first Congress from the State of Kentucky, twenty-five thousand copies, of which number six thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate, and nineteen thousand copies for the use of the House of Representatives, and that of the quota to the Senate the Public Printer shall reserve fifty copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco, with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when complete to the family of the deceased; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait in the usual manner of the late JAMES B. BECK to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of one thousand dollars, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, December 9, 1890.

DEATH OF SENATOR BECK.

JAMES BURNIE BECK died in Washington, District of Columbia, May 3, 1890. He had just returned from a visit to New York, and died suddenly of valvular disease of the heart, soon after alighting from the cars at the Baltimore and Potomac depot. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Goodloe, wife of Major Green Clay Goodloe, of the United States Marine Corps. Kind and sympathetic friends were about him when he expired. The sad news was telegraphed immediately to his colleagues at the Capitol, where the sad and startling message caused profound sorrow. The Senate adjourned at once, many of the Senators and Representatives going without delay to the side of their stricken friend and associate. The body was removed to the home of Representative Breckinridge, of Kentucky, on Capitol Hill.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

The remains were borne from the residence of Mr. Breckinridge at 10 o'clock, May 6th, to the Capitol. The casket was carried by eight Capitol policemen to the Marble Room, preceded by the Committee, headed by Senators Blackburn and Evarts, where it was placed in the center of the room and the Committee retired, leaving the active pallbearers to act as a guard of honor. The casket was then opened, and the

Marble Room thrown open to the public for an hour and a half. Many people moved slowly and silently through the room and took a last look at him whom a majority of the callers knew and loved. Lilies of the valley fringed the sheet of crystal, through which could be seen the dead Senator's face. The casket was covered with black cloth, and bore a silver plate on which were engraved the words, "JAMES BURNIE BECK: born February 13, 1822; died May 3, 1890."

In the Senate Chamber some handsome floral pieces had been arranged on the clerks' desk. A beautiful wreath of Easter lilies, white carnations, and white and yellow roses bore the card of the President and Mrs. Harrison.

At 12 o'clock the Senate was called to order by President *pro tempore* Ingalls. The distinguished audience was composed of members of the Senators' families, Senators, Representatives, the President and members of the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and a large number of the Senators' personal friends.

The honorary pallbearers on the part of the Senate were: Messrs. Morrill, Sherman, Hale, Allison, McPherson, Pugh, Vest, and Gibson.

The citizen pallbearers were: W. R. Smith, superintendent of the Botanic Gardens; Col. L. Q. Washington, Hon. Phil. B. Thompson, jr., Col. J. Fletcher Johnston, Mr. Blair Lee, Gen. J. C. Breckenridge, Col. R. C. Wintersmith, Major W. F. Tucker, Judge L. D. Trimble, Admiral James E. Jouett, Mr. Caleb B. West and O. O. Stealey.

The casket was borne into the Senate Chamber at 1:08 o'clock p. m. It was preceded by Chaplain Butler and ex-Chaplain Bullock, of the Senate, and followed by Mrs. Goodloe, the Senator's daughter, and her husband, Major

Goodloe, and friends of the family, who were seated at the left of the casket, which was placed in front of the Secretary's desk.

As the procession moved down the aisle Chaplain Butler read from the burial service, "I am the resurrection and the life," etc.

After the brief service conducted by the Chaplain the casket was borne hence, followed closely by members of the family, then the President and Cabinet, then Justices of the Supreme Court, then the members of the Diplomatic corps. When the procession was outside the Chamber the Senate adjourned. All present were deeply impressed, and no evidence was wanting to show that a great and useful man had passed away.

The casket was carried down the broad marble steps between two rows of sorrowing men. Major and Mrs. Goodloe and others followed between the lines and entered carriages. Immediately following came the President and members of his Cabinet and Justices of the Supreme Court. The procession moved slowly down Pennsylvania avenue to the depot where deceased had been stricken down in death. The body was taken directly to the special train in waiting to bear it to its last resting place in Kentucky. The train consisted of three sleepers and a baggage car. The train left for Louisville at 3 o'clock p. m. About thirty members of the Senate and House of Representatives accompanied the family. All the Kentucky delegation who could possibly do so accompanied the remains.

The Congressional train reached Lexington, Kentucky, May 7, 1890, at 1 o'clock p. m., and was met by a large concourse of citizens. The casket was placed in a hearse, and, escorted by the Congressional party, proceeded to the Southern Presbyterian Church, where it was placed in front of

the pulpit on a dais, a rich profusion of rare flowers in various designs being tastefully placed about it. The face of the deceased was exposed, and thousands of people passed by the casket to take a last look at the well-known features. The deceased looked quite natural, as if in a sound sleep. His face looked peaceful and noble even in death. One arm lay across the breast, while the other was bent naturally at the side.

The following United States Senators and Representatives accompanied the remains from Washington to Lexington and attended the final ceremonies: Senators William M. Evarts, of New York; H. L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; Charles F. Manderson, of Nebraska; Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina; John E. Kenna, of West Virginia; Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, and Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky. Representatives M. H. Dunnell, of Minnesota; N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; William S. Holman, of Indiana; R. P. Bland, of Missouri; J. H. Blount, of Georgia; W. H. Hatch, of Missouri; W. C. P. Breckinridge, J. B. McCreary, John G. Carlisle, A. G. Caruth, W. J. Stone, J. H. Wilson, and T. H. Paynter, of Kentucky.

At 12 o'clock the last loving services over the remains took place in the Southern Presbyterian Church in Lexington. At the head of the column upon entering the church were Senator Blackburn and Representative Breckinridge, arm in arm, both with eyes bedimmed with tears. Following came Senators Z. B. Vance and Isham G. Harris; then Senators Kenna and Evarts; next Senators Manderson and Dawes. Behind the colleagues of the deceased came the Committee from the House and the Kentucky delegation, the Kentucky Legislature, the city officials, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Fayette County bar in a body.

The eager crowd were then allowed to enter, but the vacant seats were soon filled, and at least one thousand people waited on the outside. The choir sang first, "When our heads are bowed with woe." Doctor W. F. V. Bartlett read short scriptural passages, and then delivered the following prayer:

Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who was, and is to come. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power; because Thou hast created all things and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.

Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee and glorify Thy name, for Thou only art holy, for all nations shall come and worship before Thee.

We rejoice that all things are in Thy hands; that even the sparrow can not fall without Thy notice; that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered. It is Thou who dost determine the hour of our birth; it is Thou who dost determine the hour of our death. Thou measurest the number of our days. We rejoice that Thou doest Thy will in the armies of Heaven and among the children of men, and that there is none who can stay Thy hand or say what doest Thou. For though Thy ways be not as ours, nor Thy thought as ours; though Thy way be in the sea and Thy path in the deep waters and Thy judgment unknown, yet we rejoice to believe that even when Thou art most mysterious and incomprehensible Thy ways are infinitely righteous and wise, and Thy thoughts are unspeakably gracious and good.

We thank Thee that Thou hast so loved the world as to have sent Thine only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but should have everlasting life; that Thou hast sent Thy Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

We thank Thee that He has brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel; and that having overcome the sharpness of death, having risen from the grave, having ascended on high and taken His seat to Thy right hand, He has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. O may we believe on Him; may we trust Him; may we follow Him, that, to the last, we may be received with an abundant entrance into Thy Heavenly Kingdom.

Solemnize, we beseech Thee, every heart now in Thy presence, in view of the sad event that has brought such multitudes at this time into Thy house. Surely death has cast a mighty shadow far and wide over the land. In Thy Providence Thou hast been pleased to bereave a family of a devoted father, our community of an honored citizen, our State of a trusted guide and stay, our country of a wise, powerful, and courageous counselor. Teach us to bow with meek and patient submission to Thy sovereign will. Enable us as we take the last look at these remains and think of the great and distinguished career now closed to gather to our hearts the lessons which it should lay upon them; lessons touching the value of an unspotted integrity and an unimpeachable nobility and honor; lessons touching the value of industry and diligence and perseverance and lofty endeavor, of intellectual power and acquirement. As we think of the man who began life in humble places and by his own personal assiduity and effort, under Thy smile and benediction, came to be among the greatest and kingliest in the land, may we realize the blessings Thy Providence has in store for those who resolutely and earnestly press their talents to the accomplishment of some high and noble purpose.

Sanctify this bereavement to the orphaned ones, to the son from whom a father's counsel has been taken, to the

daughter who will never again know a father's sweet companionship and love. Give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of holiness; as it is Thy hand that has taken the revered and loved one from them, so in this hour of distress and anguish may the same hand draw their hearts closely and tenderly to Thy bosom.

Sanctify this bereavement to our community. May these citizens who have known him for so many years, who have associated with him upon terms so familiar and delightful, whose thoughts have honored him and whose affections have been entwined around him, realize that it is Thou who hast stripped them of their pride. May they bow low their heads to the voice that comes to them from the skies: Be still and know that I am God.

Sanctify this bereavement to this Commonwealth. May this solemn event exert a chastening and subduing influence upon every part of it; upon the Governor and his council; upon the Legislature; upon the judiciary and the bar; upon all who occupy places of trust and authority, and upon the people. Let not this tower of strength that has stood with such unshaken front against the storms and conflicts of public affairs be prostrated in the dust by a word from Thy mouth, and our hearts not be touched with awe and reverence at that divine Providence that shapes alike the destinies of individuals and of states.

Sanctify this bereavement to his political associates and brethren; to those who have gone with him from amongst us to represent our interest under the National Government. May they all, his colleagues in the Senate Chamber, his brethren of the House, O may they all hear Thee calling upon them to consecrate themselves with new purpose and ardor to Thy service and glory.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

SATURDAY, *May* 3, 1890.

Mr. HARRIS. Mr. President, I send the following bulletin, just received, to the Chair, in order that it may be read to the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore* read as follows:

Senator BECK just dropped dead in the Baltimore and Potomac station.
MANAGER WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Mr. HARRIS. Mr. President, in view of that sad fact, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to, and at 4 o'clock and 16 minutes p. m., the Senate adjourned until Monday, May 5, 1890, at 12 o'clock m.

TUESDAY, *May* 6, 1890.

Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., the Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

Give unto us, O Lord, the quieting and soothing influences of Thy grace and spirit as we come to the solemnities of this day. We thank Thee for life with all its opportunities. Thou art blessing us from day to day. Make us

ever sensible of Thy loving kindness. Fill our hearts with gratitude, with faith, with love. Help us to walk obediently, as Thy children ought to walk. Guide us by Divine influences. Use each one of us for Thy glory, and get glory to Thy name through this great land, which Thou hast led through all our history. Forgive us and grant unto us peace. In the name of Christ. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, I ask leave to move at this time that the order of ceremonies agreed upon be entered upon the Journal of the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. It will be read by the Secretary, if there be no objection.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

ORDER OF CEREMONIES FOR THE FUNERAL OF HON. JAMES B. BECK, LATE A SENATOR FROM THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, MAY 6, 1890.

ORDER OF CEREMONIES.

The Committee of Arrangements of the two Houses of Congress and the pall-bearers will meet at the residence of Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge. 219 East Capitol street, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. At 10 o'clock the body will be taken to the Marble Room of the Senate, and there remain to be viewed by the public until 11:30 o'clock. The public will pass through the reception room to the east door of the Marble Room, and pass out at the west door of the Senate lobby.

After the two Houses have assembled in the Senate Chamber the body will be taken there by the pall bearers and Committee of Arrangements.

The doors of the Senate wing of the Capitol will be open to the public at 10:15 a. m.

THE GALLERIES OF THE SENATE CHAMBER.

The diplomatic gallery will be reserved until 12:30 o'clock p. m. for the families of the diplomatic corps.

The families of the President and Vice President will occupy their reserved seats in the east gallery.

The reserved galleries will be occupied by the members of families only of Senators, members of the House of Representatives, and of the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and members of the Cabinet.

The reporters' gallery will be reserved exclusively for the reporters of the press.

The seats in the remaining galleries will be open, without discrimination, to all.

THE FLOOR OF THE SENATE.

(The Senate being in session.)

The President and Cabinet will meet in the President's room.

The Supreme Court will meet in the Supreme Court room.

The diplomatic corps will meet in the reception room.

The Vice President's room will be reserved for the family of the deceased.

The Committee of Arrangements and the pall bearers will meet in the office of the Secretary of the Senate.

The House of Representatives will enter the Senate Chamber at 12:50 p. m., followed by the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, and the President and Cabinet.

Seats will be reserved by the Sergeant-at-Arms for those entitled thereto upon the floor in accordance with above.

At 1 o'clock, upon the announcement of the Presiding Officer, the clergy will conduct the funeral ceremonies.

As soon as the ceremonies are closed, the Sergeant-at-Arms will form and conduct the funeral procession in the following order from the Senate Chamber to the Baltimore and Potomac depot:

The clergy.

The Committee of Arrangements.

The pall-bearers.

The hearse.

The family and relatives.

The Senate.

The House of Representatives.

The officers of the Senate and House of Representatives.

Invited guests.

The remains will be conveyed to Lexington, Ky., by special train, in charge of the Committee of Arrangements, leaving Washington at 3 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, May 6, 1890.

The Sergeant-at-Arms is charged with the execution of these arrangements.

JOS. C. S. BLACKBURN,
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The order of ceremonies will be entered at length upon the Journal, if there be no objection.

Mr. MORRILL. I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock and 30 minutes.

The motion was agreed to; and at the expiration of the recess (at 12 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the Senate reassembled.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, announced that the House had yesterday passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives accept the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral services of the late Hon. JAMES B. BECK, to be held in the Senate Chamber to-morrow at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Speaker of the House appoint a committee, to consist of nine members, to act in conjunction with the committee of the Senate, to make necessary arrangements and accompany the remains to the place of burial.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The message also announced that in accordance with the first resolution the Speaker had appointed as members of the committee W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, W. S. Holman, of Indiana, James H. Blount, of Georgia, Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, William H. Hatch, of Missouri, John H. Wilson, of Kentucky, Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, Mark H. Dunnell, of Minnesota, and Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The Chair will announce as the honorary pall bearers on the part of the Senate, Messrs. Morrill, Sherman, Allison, Hale, McPherson, Vest, Pugh, and Gibson.

At 12 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m. the members of the House of Representatives, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms and Clerk and headed by the Speaker, entered the Senate Chamber. The Speaker was escorted to a seat at the right of the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, the Clerk at the Secretary's desk, and the members of the House were escorted to the seats on the floor provided for them.

They were soon followed by the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the diplomatic corps, and the President and his Cabinet officers, who were respectively escorted to the seats assigned them on the floor of the Senate Chamber.

At 1 o'clock p. m. the casket containing the remains of the deceased Senator was brought into the Senate Chamber, preceded by the Chaplain of the Senate and Rev. J. J. Bullock, D. D., escorted by the committee of arrangements of the two Houses and the pall bearers, and followed by members of the family and friends of the deceased, the Chaplain reading appropriate Scriptural selections.

Rev. J. J. Bullock, D. D., read the ninetieth Psalm, after which he offered the following prayer:

Almighty and most merciful God, our Heavenly Father, we come before Thee this morning with our hearts filled with sorrow to perform the last sad offices of piety and affec-

tion towards a beloved friend, whose body lies incoffined and is soon to be borne for burial to his own beloved State of Kentucky. We mingle our tears and sympathies with his sorrowing and bereaved family. We rejoice that we have a great High Priest to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, to sympathize with us in every time of affliction, and who invites all the suffering ones to cast their sorrows upon Him, for He careth for us.

We thank Thee, O God, for all the goodness and mercy which have attended our friend during his long and eventful life, and that he has left a rich legacy to his family and friends, a legacy of an honorable and useful life; that such was his character and such his manner of life that a nation mourns his loss and the State which he long and faithfully represented will never forget to honor his memory.

Most gracious God, we beseech Thee to console, with the consolation which Thou alone canst bestow, his bereaved family. May they bow in humble submission to this dispensation of Thy providence which so afflicts the heart, knowing that thou doest all things well.

We pray that this event, this solemn and sudden death, may make a lasting impression upon his brother Senators and upon all others high in authority, teaching them the shortness and uncertainty of life and the importance of being prepared for departure; for we know neither the day nor the hour when we shall be called hence.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom: God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us, and give us pardon, peace, and eternal life: Through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., Chaplain of the Senate, read the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians, beginning at the twentieth verse, and then offered the following prayer:

O God, keep us steadfast and immovable, as brethren beloved of the Lord. We stand in the presence of death. Thou art speaking to us. Impress us, we pray Thee, with the solemnity of life. Help us so to abound in the work of the Lord, doing God's will, that when the latter end shall come we shall not fall from this blessed faith by reason of any pain of death, by reason of any temptation of the Evil One.

We gather at the cross to-day. We rejoice in this expression of the fullness of Thy love and mercy toward us poor sinners. We rejoice in Him that died that we might not die. We look into the empty sepulcher to-day and rejoice in Him who has conquered death and brought life and immortality to light.

O, Thou, who wast dead and art alive again, who livest evermore, our Elder Brother, our compassionate Redeemer, our Almighty Saviour, look in very great tenderness upon us in this bereavement. Do Thou comfort the hearts that bleed here to-day. Throw Thy loving arms around these sorrowing ones. Give unto them strength. Give unto them peace, the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, ever to keep their minds and hearts.

And O, that this sore bereavement, which we can not understand, for Thy ways are past finding out, may be among the all things that work together for good because we love Thee. Bless us each one as we turn from the casket and the open grave. Oh, that we may go with new resolves to live better lives, ever standing for truth and for right, for Christ and for heaven, living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men.

Bless these Thy servants, to-day, who are here gathered in this solemn presence, representing this great Christian Government. O, that they may be men of faith and of holy living; that the Spirit of God may animate and guide them; that wisdom from on high may fill their hearts; that they may be clothed with courage; that they may walk ever in the way which Thou hast pointed out.

We thank Thee for the pattern life, the life of our blessed Saviour, who loved us, who loves us, and has given himself for us. O, thou compassionate Redeemer, bless us each one to-day. Pity us amid our infirmities, amid our temptations, amid our responsibilities and burden-bearing, and help us ever to aquit ourselves as men, being strong.

Grant that this great Government may stand among the governments of the earth for God and His Christ, for the word of God and the day of God, for the faith of the Gospel, and that, leading the nations, the time may soon come when every knee shall bow to Him whom we adore as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Sanctify to each one of us, we pray Thee, this solemn service. May Thy word do us good. We thank Thee for this light upon our dark pilgrim pathway. Help us ever to take that Word as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path.

O God, help us and strengthen us, for Thou knowest the power of evil within us, and the power of temptation without us. Make us valiant, ever valiant, for the truth, bringing glory to our land and glory to Thy name, that we may finally be crowned as heirs of everlasting life.

And now, Lord, we commend to Thee these loved ones as they go upon their sorrowful journey bearing this precious dust to its last resting place. Defend them, we pray Thee, from accident upon their journey. Bring them, in the midst of their sorrow, to their home, in the enjoyment of Thy

peace; and O that the blessing of God, the blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, may be theirs; that in the great revealing day, when the ways of God shall be plain which are now dark, they then may see that God has dealt kindly and has led lovingly; that He is the God of our fathers, a very present help in every time of trouble.

We ask these mercies, O Lord, with guidance, and peace, and grace, for Thine own name's sake, who hast taught us to pray:

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done upon earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.

And may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, abide upon us and upon all who love God, henceforth and forever. Amen.

The casket containing Mr. BECK'S remains having been removed, in charge of the committee of arrangements and pallbearers, and the persons invited to seats in the Senate Chamber having retired,

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore* (at 1 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.). The Senate stands adjourned until 12 o'clock to-morrow.

EULOGIES.

SATURDAY, *August* 23, 1890.

The Senate met at 12 o'clock m.

Rev. J. G. BUTLER, D. D., the Chaplain of the Senate, offered the following prayer:

God of our life, we draw nigh to Thee with grateful hearts as we seek forgiveness and ask Thy guidance through this another day. Teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. We would sit at Thy feet and learn of Thee, Thou only wise God, our Saviour. In the keeping of Thy commandments there is great reward.

Write Thy law, we pray Thee, upon our hearts. Fill us with the love of Thy ways. Create in us more and more hungerings and thirstings after righteousness. In our weakness strengthen us. In our ignorance enlighten us. When we are tempted succor us. In sorrow comfort us. And do Thou clothe us, we pray Thee, with heavenly might, that in life's great battle we may ever be valiant for the truth, so that when the end shall come we may be gathered to our fathers and enter into rest.

Bless these Thy servants this day, as we come to embalm in memory the worth of our departed brother, Thy servant. Are not all Thy servants? Help us to be faithful.

O Lord, make the afflictions of life, and the burdens of life, and the trials of life to work together for our good,

teaching us more and more of the spirit of Him who was made perfect through suffering.

Bless our great land, our rulers, our people, all our interests, and establish everywhere, we pray Thee, the kingdom of Christ. Prepare us for the coming rest of the holy Sabbath. Fit us for the rest that knows no end, where sin can not come, and where they die no more, in the Father's house. We ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions that I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read by the Secretary.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of JAMES B. BECK, late a Senator from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute of regard to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is upon agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLACKBURN, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The rule teaches us to say naught but good of the dead. A better rule would teach us to speak nothing of the dead save that which is true. Undeserved eulogium and fulsome flattery, like calumny and slander, are not fitted for the grave. It is the latter rule that I shall seek to observe to-day.

On the 13th day of February, 1822, JAMES B. BECK was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He was born beneath the shadow of Hadrian's wall, where liberty first dawned upon his race. On the banks of the Solway, where the tide of battle turned against the Roman invaders of Caledonian soil, he lived as a boy in the intellectual atmosphere of Dumfries, a town filled with the historic glories that cluster about the name of the author of Scotland's war ode and of that immortal declaration of individual independence that teaches us "a man's a man for a' that."

His youthful training did much toward shaping his after life, making it a living illustration of his favorite quotation:

> Then let us pray that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
> May bear the gree, and a' that.

In youth he was the pupil of Rev. Henry Duncan, the originator of the system of savings banks, that have since become fixed and valued institutions among all the civilized nations of the earth. Duncan was the recognized expounder of those economical theories and practical religious ideas that have given such a manly character to Scotland's sturdy sons.

No youth was ever more fortunate in the possession of a preceptor, and no teacher ever had greater cause of pride in the development of a pupil.

> From men like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Though leaving his native country and coming to America at sixteen years of age, his love for his native land, for its customs and traditions, was never abated. He was proud of Scotland's glory although it had faded. Burns was his favorite of authors. To him Burns was the greatest of poets and philosophers. He remembered as a boy of twelve to have attended the funeral of his wife, "bonnie Jean."

He was a close and constant student of the teachings of Scotland's immortal bard, and from them his convictions, both secular and religious, were largely drawn.

At twenty-one years of age he appeared at Lexington, Kentucky, without fortune or friends, and determined to make it his future home. With no resources save those which God had given him—an exceptionally bright and active mind, robust health, and an indomitable will—he there began the struggle for fortune and for fame; an unequal contest, but one that was destined at the end of nearly half a century to be crowned with phenomenal triumph. He was born under the ban of those twin jailers of the human soul, obscure birth and iron fortune. He conquered both, and could fairly claim to be self-made, as did the first Napoleon in his haughty answer to the emissaries from the Austrian court who sought information as to his lineage: "Go and tell your master that I am to my family what Rudolph was to the house of Hapsburg, the architect of my own fortunes, the founder of my own dynasty."

His pay as the manager of a large landed estate was small, but from his meager earnings he saved enough to prosecute his studies for the bar. In 1846 he was licensed as a lawyer and entered the lists of the strongest bar in Kentucky, if not in all the Western States.

The prospect was not encouraging, but to his undaunted soul there never came the thought of failure. Steadily he forged his way to the front where Titans stood, and bravely held the place that brain and courage had fairly won. He was numbered among the first and best lawyers of the Commonwealth.

His first appearance in political life was in 1867, when elected a Representative to the Fortieth Congress. This was indeed a crucial test to an untried man. He appeared in the councils of the country as the successor of Clay, Crittenden, Marshall, Breckinridge, and others whose brilliant services had made the Ashland district famous and had shed additional luster upon the brightest pages of the country's history. He was to wear the mantle of these great men and to uphold the high standard by them established. The situation was further complicated by the existing condition of public affairs. The greatest civil war of which history gives account had just ended. Prejudice and passion were at flood tide; the laws that had been so long silenced by war's hoarse thunders were not yet reënthroned, and strange methods prevailed. Experiments before unknown in our history were invoked. The problem to be solved was the bringing of order out of chaos; its gravity was only equaled by the difficulties that surrounded it.

Recalling the conditions which existed, it is not to be wondered that men differed widely as to the policy to be pursued. It was at this juncture that Mr. BECK appeared upon the scene like a knight full armed, with lance in rest and visor

down, as the champion of his district, destined soon to become the recognized champion of his State and section. Upon his entrance into Congress he was assigned to duty as a member of the Committee on Reconstruction. Scarcely had he entered upon this arduous and doubtful service ere his natural ability, his vigorous methods, and his unfaltering courage of conviction practically made him the leader of the minority side of the House. During all that dark and stormy period of the country's history he held his place, towering above the forms of those by whom he was surrounded, pleading what he believed to be humanity's cause, battling for the right as God gave him to see it; a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, leading a broken and beaten people from the shadow of the land of bondage into the sunlight of the land of promise. For sturdiness of blows in maintaining his convictions he did not often meet his equal and never encountered his superior. He battled always for the people; his lance was ever couched for the protection of the helpless; he never pandered to power nor abased himself in the presence of the mighty. No opponent, however well equipped, failed to buckle his harness more tightly when grappling in debate with the sturdy Scotchman. For eight consecutive years he stood in the House of Representatives the most conspicuous figure that shared his political convictions.

From 1875 to 1877 he was in private life, and this of his own accord. In the latter year he came into this body commissioned as a Senator from the State of Kentucky. The conspicuous services that he had rendered in the other wing of this Capitol gave assurance of that which he was to accomplish here. At the end of his first term he was reëlected for another, and ere that had been finished the people of his adopted State, without division, sent him back for still another term. For more than thirteen years he served with you here, adding constantly to the fame that he had achieved

in the House and augmenting the debt of gratitude that his State and country are prompt to acknowledge. None can judge him better, and none will judge him more fairly, than his comrades of this Chamber.

Pertinacious and aggressive in his nature, prompt to grapple with man or measure when his convictions were assailed, he was ever courteous toward his opponents, according to others what he claimed for himself, the fullest measure of right to maintain and defend his conclusions.

With one exception he was the only native-born Scotchman that ever held a seat in this Chamber. Such was the grasp that he had upon the confidence and affection of the people among whom he lived that, holding their pride in abeyance, thrice the great Commonwealth passed by a host of brilliant sons to the manner born to intrust her destinies to the care and keeping of this her trusted adopted child. His life and services vindicated the wisdom of Kentucky's action.

In point of brilliancy it may be true that Mr. BECK was not the equal of some of those great men that preceded him in service here; but measured by a broader, fairer standard, in the light of service rendered and work accomplished, history, if it be traced with impartial pen, will hold him worthy to be numbered with the best. His was a grand and lofty life; its every hour was studded with a service rendered to his fellows. Mankind profited by his labors and the world was better for his living.

He won a fame broader than the land that he honored by making it the home of his early adoption. No truer, gentler, kindlier spirit was ever housed in woman's breast. He was ever true and loyal to his friends, whilst candor and fairness were the conspicuous traits of his nature.

For nearly a quarter of a century he staid in the public

eye, a frontispiece in the political affairs of his country. Deep and ineffaceable he traced the record of his presence, and when the span of life allotted to us was well-nigh run, when three-score and ten years were almost spent, he closed a career as honorable as it had been useful. He died with harness on, with his mental faculties all unimpaired, his genial nature unchilled, and his love of friends and country as fresh as in his boyhood's happy days. No warning of the end was given, but like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky the instant summons came. He died without a pang.

The love that his people bore him was illustrated by the scenes that occurred to those of us who accompanied his body home for burial. After crossing into the limits of the State that he had loved so fondly and served so well, at every station there gathered crowds of Kentucky's manly sons to greet the flying, crape-decked train and pay with uncovered heads their silent tribute of respect to the dead statesman who had always been their friend.

Mr. President, an oak has fallen in the forest, a strong man has been taken from among us, but there is naught left for us to mourn except his absence. His life's labors were well done. His name will be honored by those who follow us. His fame, fairly earned, is secure. For his future I do not fear. He was not a sectarian in religion. He held no creed, but believed that the broadest, truest, and most sublime of all faith was that which teaches us to give our best endeavors toward aiding and elevating our fellow-men.

> **Cease, then, to prate about your creeds,**
> **He wrought his life in noble deeds.**

His was the religion of humanity. He believed that the man who helped his fellow-men was doing God's service.

His life was molded upon this faith. If there be one soul at whose approach the pearly gates of the Celestial City shall open widest and offer free entrance to its eternal glories, surely it must be the one who in its life on earth strove hardest to aid the weak, to shelter the defenseless, to lighten the burdens of the heavy-laden, and who brought the most smiles and fewest tears into this world.

Whether we shall meet him again we can not tell. We only know that we shall see him here on earth no more; but a faith that will not be uprooted bids us hope—a faith that antedates the Christian's promise and rests upon the ties that bind us to each other. We are not willing to believe that the heart's affections, which brighten, adorn, and purify our lives—the love of mother and father and child, of husband and wife, of kindred and friends—are all to be buried in the grave. Humanity revolts at the suggestion. But for this, faith in a future life would perish from among men.

Invading the realms of mythology, we are told that centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, when the new-made king of Argos was about to give up his young life in obedience to the orders of the gods, she whom he loved so fondly, in the wild frenzy of her grief pleaded with him to tell her if they should meet again. He answered:

> I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
> That look eternal; of the flowing streams
> That lucid flow forever; of the stars,
> Amid whose field of azure my raised spirit
> Hath trod in glory; all were dumb; but now,
> While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
> I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
> Can never wholly perish. We shall meet again.

Whether supported by the Christian faith, or taking counsel of the love we bear the dead, we answer as did the Greek.

Let us rest in the belief that after a life well spent, with

its every duty faithfully performed, the soul of the great Senator at last has found eternal rest amid the scenes of its creation, in the presence of its God.

ADDRESS OF MR. INGALLS, OF KANSAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Rugged, robust, and indomitable, the incarnation of physical force and intellectual energy, Senator BECK seemed a part of nature, inseparable from life and exempt from infirmity. Accustomed for many sessions to the exhibition of his prodigious activity, his indefatigable labors, his strenuous conflicts, I recall the emotion with which I saw him a few months ago stand painfully in his place and announce with strange pathos that for the first time in twenty years he found himself unable to participate in debate. It was as if a torrent had paused midway in its descent, or a tempest had ceased suddenly in its stormy progress. He lingered for awhile, as the prostrate oak, to which he has been appropriately compared by his late colleague, retains its verdure for a brief interval after its fall, or as the flame flickers when the candle is burned out; but his work was done. It was the end.

Estimated by comparison with his contemporaries, and measured by the limitations which he overcame, his career can not be considered otherwise than as extraordinary and of singular and unusual distinction. An alien, and not favored by fortune, he conquered the accidents of birth and the obstacles of race, scaled the formidable barriers of tradition, and rose by successive steps to the highest social and political station.

In a great State, proud of its history, of the lineage of its illustrious families, of the honor of its heroic names, of the

achievements of its warriors and statesmen whose renown is the imperishable heritage of mankind, this stranger surpassed the swiftest in the race of ambition and the strongest in the strife for supremacy. His triumph was not temporary, the brilliant and casual episode of an aspiring and unscrupulous adventurer, but a steadfast and permanent conquest of the judgment and affections of an exalted constituency. Nor was the recognition of his superiority confined to Kentucky. Though he never forgot his nativity, nor the associations of his youth, he was by choice and preference, and not from necessity, an American. In his broad and generous nature patriotism was a passion and allegiance a sacred and unalterable obligation. A partisan by instinct and conviction, there was nothing ignoble in his partisanship. He transgressed the boundaries of party in his friendships, and no appeal to his sympathy or compassion was ever made in vain.

He has departed. His term had not expired, but his name has been stricken from the rolls of the Senate. His credentials remain in its archives, but an honored successor sits unchallenged in his place. He has no vote nor voice, but the consideration of great measures affecting the interests of every citizen of the Republic is interrupted, with the concurrence and approval of all, that the representatives of forty-two Commonwealths may rehearse the virtues and commemorate the career of an associate who is beyond the reach of praise or censure, in the kingdom of the dead.

The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living in such a splendid and luminous day as this is inconceivable. To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. Annihilation, extinction, and eternal death are the forebodings of despair. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph,

to confer happiness, to alleviate misery, is rapture. The greatest crime and the severest penalty known to human law is the sacrifice and forfeiture of life.

And yet we are all under sentence of death. Other events may or may not occur. Other conditions may or may not exist. We may be rich or poor; we may be learned or ignorant; we may be happy or wretched; but we all must die. The verdict has been pronounced by the inexorable decree of an omnipotent tribunal. Without trial or opportunity for defense; with no knowledge of the accuser or the nature and cause of the accusation; without being confronted with the witnesses against us, we have been summoned to the bar of life and condemned to death. There is no writ of error nor review. There is neither exculpation nor appeal. All must be relinquished. Beauty and deformity, good and evil, virtue and vice, share the same relentless fate. The tender mother cries passionately for mercy for her first born, but there is no clemency. The craven felon sullenly prays for a moment in which to be aneled, but there is no reprieve. The soul helplessly beats its wings against the bars, shudders, and disappears.

The proscription extends alike to the individual and the type. Nations die and races expire. Humanity itself is destined to extinction. Sooner or later, it is the instruction of science, that the energy of the earth will be expended, and it will become incapable of supporting life. A group of feeble and pallid survivors in some sheltered valley in the tropics will behold the sun sink below the horizon and the pitiless stars glitter in the midnight sky. The last man will perish, and the sun will rise upon the earth without an inhabitant. Its atmosphere, its seas, its light and heat will vanish, and the planet will be an idle cinder uselessly spinning in its orbit.

Every hour some world dies unnoticed in the firmament; some sun smoulders to embers and ashes on the hearthstone of infinite space, and the mighty maze of systems sweeps ceaselessly onward in its voyage of doom to remorseless and unsparing destruction.

With the disappearance of man from the earth all traces of his existence will be lost. The palaces, towers, and temples he has reared, the institutions he has established, the cities he has builded, the books he has written, the creeds he has constructed, the philosophies he has formulated—all science, art, literature, and knowledge will be obliterated and engulfed in empty and vacant oblivion.

> The great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.

There is an intelligence so vast and enduring that the flaming interval between the birth and death of universes is no more than the flash of fire-flies above the meadows of summer; a colossal power by which these stupendous orbs are launched in the abyss, like bubbles blown by a child in the morning sun, and whose sense of justice and reason can not be less potential than those immutable statutes that are the law of being to the creatures He has made, and which compel them to declare that if the only object of creation is destruction, if infinity is the theater of an uninterrupted series of irreparable calamities, if the final cause of life is death, then time is an inexplicable tragedy, and eternity an illogical and indefensible catastrophe.

No, Mr. President, this obsequy is for the quick and not for the dead. It is not an inconsolable lamentation. It is a strain of triumph. It is an affirmation to those who survive,

that as our departed associate, contemplating at the close of his life the monument of good deeds he had erected, more enduring than brass and loftier than the pyramids of kings, might exclaim with the Roman poet, *Non omnis moriar;* so, turning to the silent and unknown future, he could rely with just and reasonable confidence upon that most impressive and momentous assurance ever delivered to the human race, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

ADDRESS OF MR. VEST, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The career of JAMES B. BECK stands out in picturesque and romantic isolation. It illustrates one feature of our institutions more sharply and vividly than that of any public man in this generation. He was a Scotch-American. An alien by birth he was in everything else a typical American. In the web and woof of his whole structure and every fiber of his being he was a thorough American democrat in the broadest and most catholic meaning.

Born in Scotland, he came a poor and friendless boy to the blue-grass region of Kentucky, a citadel of the proudest and most exclusive agricultural aristocracy in the United States, and was the successor of Henry Clay and John C. Breckinridge.

In this statement is the highest tribute to the institutions under which such a career is possible, and to the man who achieved it.

I first knew Mr. BECK in 1852, when I was a law student at Transylvania University, in Lexington, Ky., of which institution he was also a graduate.

In 1879 I became one of his colleagues in this Chamber, and was, of course, from that time constantly impressed by his rugged and attractive personality.

In speaking of him now I recur tenderly to the last few months when we lived side by side in this city, and I saw him nightly where the glare of the footlights could not distort, and the soft light of home revealed his true nature.

I shall always think of him as I knew him then.

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray.

Often when I looked upon his stalwart frame, broken by disease, but yet picturesque and massive, these lines from Scott touched me like a funeral hymn.

Mr. BECK's leading characteristic as a public man was his devotion to absolute political equality. He was from the people, of the people, and the uncompromising foe of class privilege in every form. His first inquiry as to proposed legislation was whether it was just to all interests and operated alike and equally upon all citizens. If it did not, he was an inflexible and persistent opponent.

In all that he did and said he was plain, direct, and unpretending. He detested the class arrogance and assumption of aristocracy, and was justly proud of the fact that he owed all he had and was to himself.

He was never tired of repeating to friends an incident which occurred on his first visit back to the neighborhood in Scotland where he was born.

Leaving the railroad at the nearest station, he concluded to follow a by path through the scenes of his boyhood, and was overtaken by a countryman having a fine salmon which

he had caught from a stream near by and was carrying home for his evening meal. Senator BECK knew him at once as an old playmate, but seeing that he was not recognized proceeded to ask many questions about the neighborhood and its inhabitants. Among other things he inquired if his companion had ever known a boy named JAMES BECK. "Hoot, mon," was the reply, "I kenned him weel. There was naething wonderful in him here, but he went to America years agone, and I'm tauld he's now a member of the American House of Lairds." That he, of all men, should be classed with "Lairds" even of American creation, was to this uncompromising democrat always humorous.

Sprung from a race the most remarkable in history for its love of liberty and resistance to oppression, he was the embodiment of all their national qualities. Cautious, strong, deliberate, shrewd, industrious, and frugal, he was yet devoted to poetry and romance. He delighted to go from the Committee on Finance, where some economic question had engrossed him for hours, to a company of friends among whom he could repeat passages from Scott and Burns.

I can hear him now recite, with that accent found in no other tongue, the charming description of a Scotch maiden from the Lady of the Lake:

> A foot more light, a step more true,
> Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew;
> E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
> Elastic from her airy tread.

He paid full homage to the genius of Scott; but in Burns, the peasant bard of Scotland, crowned of right divine by the common people of all the earth as King of Poesy, he found the complete glory of his native land.

To him no poetry, ancient or modern, equaled that splen-

did apostrophe to a Scottish home in the Cotter's Saturday Night:

> From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> "An honest man 's the noblest work of God;"
> And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road
> The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
> What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load,
> Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
> Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined.

In his adopted State, far from Scotland, rest the ashes of this true Scotchman and true American. They will not mingle with those of his great countrymen; but it can be said of him, as of Burns,

> To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

ADDRESS OF MR. EVARTS, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. PRESIDENT: We meet, alas! how often, in the legislative halls to deplore the deaths of those who have fallen by our side in the same warfares, in the same duties, in the same honors that have brought us together, and we, the survivors, must keep on in the same paths till our lives shall be ended, whether in this service or in the greater service of the people and mankind.

When these assemblies are convened for such occasions all the interests, however vast, that divide us, all the alienations, however petty, that estrange us, all disappear. There are no disputations, there are no debates, there are no rules of order, there is no authority, and there is no dissension. One finger alone has been lifted, and that is the finger of Death; and that hand rules and regulates the procedure

thenceforward in open presentation and in the hearts and in the affections and the emotions of all who share in the assemblage.

Mr. BECK'S death, Mr. President, in the circumstance which announced his end, was, as near as may be, as if he had fallen on this floor in your presence and in ours, for the same clock that marked the hour of his fall under the eaves of the Capitol ceased thereafter to note on that day all our share and all our interests and all our relations to any other fact than his death. This circumstance distinguishes him from most of those instances in which we have been called to meet and to deplore the death and to celebrate the virtues of our deceased associates.

Mr. President, I have intimated that there is no division here, that this aisle marks no distinction, that political differences which mark sections or parties or personal differences have all disappeared. But there is one distinction and one division here in which we now present are all in one condition and of one mind, but our deceased friend, the Senator, is of the other. The river of life and the river of death flows between us and him, and all know that he will never cross over to us, but we must all cross over to him.

These impressions of death can never be novel, can never become obsolete, but always remain equally striking both in the solemnity and awe which they inspire. If the heart beats to all the impulses of nature and society in life, when the last beat comes to any one the hearts of all that survive him seem to stop beside his in unison with this great event of death.

Mr. President, I can hardly find more than a very narrow footing on which to expect to contribute anything to the estimate in any form that we are to consider and to present of the career of our deceased friend. Serving only during the

last four years of his attendance here in this body with him, and during that time forming no part of the closer association in our committees with him, and finding myself surrounded on this side of the Chamber with many who have known him during the whole of his service here and have known him also in the House of Representatives, and so many on the other side of the Chamber that have known him in these respects and also in all the close affiliations that belong to party and sectional and local influences and personal affection, what can I say? What can I do to give interest, even for a moment, to this occasion?

I have seen, in a sketch of the life of Mr. BECK by an accomplished writer, an allusion to his career as one of Scotch birth, and showing the qualities of that lineage which all attributed to him. Having in view the career of Mr. BECK in this country, and the great result of advantage to himself and his family and to the public and the community in which he lived, this writer has suggested that these qualities of the Scotch figure in the great Romancer's gallery as of those youthful adventurers who had gone out into the world from their homes in Scotland, and as illustrations the Fortunes of Nigel and the career of Quentin Durward were referred to. If allowances were made for differences of the age and of society, some of the same traits and some of the same good fortune that follows a persistent pursuit of fame no doubt might be traced.

It may, Mr. President, be worth our while to dwell for a moment upon what might have been the fortune of this young Scotchman, born and bred and taught as he was up to the age when he came to this country, if he had remained upon the other side and had tried his course in the profession of the law and in the path of public life on that side of the water and under the old institutions of Scotland and of Eng-

land and the politics of the United Kingdom. I believe the Englishmen have felt that, since the Union, the Scotchmen have had a pretty full share of all the good things of life and of society and of government and of fame in politics in the United Kingdom. Although we may not always remember it, there have been many and great instances in which Scotch or English endeavor has won the most splendid prizes in spite of the difficulties and the obstacles that society there places in the front of a youth who has nothing but talent and character and courage and persistency.

No greater instances of fame and of honor gained in our country, and reached from an humble origin and having nothing behind them but what nature had given them and society had enabled them to acquire; no greater instances, I say, can be shown than that of the two brothers Scott—John Scott and William Scott—who became the great lawyers, and the great judges, and the great statesmen, Eldon and Stowell. Talk not to me about the obstacles of society and of wealth anywhere in this wide world against the power that nature has given for that competition and for that triumph which belongs to the conditions of society—society which was made for man.

A great many other instances are to be found on the other side of the water as splendid as these and immediately under our notice, even in our own generation. Who shall say that Mr. BECK, going on in Scotland and getting the education of a university there—for his circumstances would have permitted that—and then seeking success in Scotch courts and perhaps afterwards in Westminster Hall and in Parliament, as a representative in the Commons, or as a Scotch peer, or as peer of the realm, might not have put behind him all the obstacles of life and shone in that light and in that firmament with the same distinction as that which car-

ried him on through our bar and to the House of Representatives as a House of Commons, and to the Senate as the great Assembly of the States of the Union.

No, Mr. President, nature puts a birthmark upon those that were born for society, for fortune, and for fame. Natural incidents may cut short such a predestined career; society may smother or society may animate those qualities that have received this birthmark, but believe me, Mr. President—and it is the great lesson to the young and the great lesson to parents that they shall give to the young—that nature has given them such faculties as they are born with, and they have a right to everything in the world that those faculties can give under the two conditions, that their lives be honest and that their lives be useful.

Mr. President, although I had the fortune to make casual acquaintance with Mr. BECK during the early time of his presence in the councils of the nation, yet I must say that all my knowledge and all my estimate of him, except that which belongs to the good fame and good opinions of others, were acquired in this Senate. I found at once that he was regarded as in some sense at least the leader of the Democratic party in the important topics which divide them from the Republican party—I mean the two great measures in the relation of practical affairs that have been attentively regarded in this body during this whole period, the question of protection or free trade and the question of the restoration of silver to its money uses.

On one of these great questions I had the good fortune, in the main, to concur with Mr. BECK; but on the other, in every point and in every stage and in every form of the debate, my views were as hostile to his as could be imagined. His treatment of both these subjects, so far as his personal traits went and his relations to the party with whom he con-

curred and the opinions which he maintained, was the same.

If it could not be said of him that in the debates of the Senate his methods were versatile or his movements agile, yet it must be said that in every essential point they were always urgent and persistent, and in every such disputation he presented his side of the case with clearness, force, and earnestness. This made him an antagonist on whom those who were with him could depend and from whom those opposed to him could expect no other favor than that the controversy should be open and clear and fair and that personal ingredients of bitterness should not intervene.

Mr. BECK throughout the civil war held a somewhat difficult position in regard to his own State and his own section. This arose from the fact that he was not in full sympathy with the great mass of the people of his State, who, on one side or the other, took part in the dissensions of the civil war. Coming here after peace was attained, great problems were to be discussed under as difficult conditions as could obtain in debates in legislative halls. Mr. BECK had before him a difficult path, a difficult part, but all had confidence in him. All knew that in whatever way was open to him leading to rightful results they could trust him with the maintenance of the cause in which they were interested. In this legislative experience of the deceased Senator, in its particular relations, amid the particular difficulties that surrounded him, covering all these obstructive and estranging elements, one great dominant purpose was evident in his nature and in his work—that he was earnest and honest and true.

Now, Mr. President, Senators upon one side and the other have given us animating and instructive views of the traits and conduct and of the public relations and the results of Mr. BECK's life. I can only add to these brief observations I have made that we find him in the combat of life on the

side that lifts up and ennobles and supports society and the state, and that no harm has come to public virtue from his life.

ADDRESS OF MR. VANCE, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I desire also to pay my tribute to the memory of my friend, the late Hon. JAMES B. BECK.

I regard him as a remarkable man, who was possessed of traits inherited from the remarkable country of his birth, and which were molded in the forms of our own most extraordinary land.

Of all the countries of Europe, Scotland is to me the most interesting. Its history best illustrates what a weak country can do in maintaining its liberties and independence against a strong one. The Scottish people were never conquered; the result of centuries of warfare was the peaceful union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland under a Scottish monarch.

It also illustrates what a poor and sterile country can do in the accumulation of wealth by the intelligent industry of its people. It likewise illustrates what a religious creed can do in the formation of individual and national character.

Mr. Froude says of them:

> So far as one can look into that commonplace round of things which historians never tell us about, there have rarely been seen in this world a set of people who have thought more about right and wrong, and the judgment about them, of the upper powers. Long-headed, thrifty, industrious; a sound hatred of waste, imprudence, idleness, extravagance; the feet planted firmly upon the earth; a conscientious sense that the worldly virtues are nevertheless very necessary virtues; that without these honesty, for one thing, is not possible, and that without honesty no other excellence, religious or moral, is worth anything at all—this is the stuff of which Scotch life was made, and very good stuff it is.

And finally, it illustrates what general education can do in the creation of a national literature. There is, perhaps, none in Europe which excels it in excellence and universality. Hugh Miller says that its theological creed taught the Scottish people to think more than all the penny gazettes and Saturday magazines of England. Admitting that the intellectual scale of the English swept over a wider gamut, from the lowest note to the highest, "whereas the intellectual character of the Scotch, like instruments of a narrower range, such as the harp and the violin, lies more in the middle of the scale. By at least one degree it does not rise so high, by several degrees it does not sink so low;" and admitting also "that there is a front rank of British intellect in which no Scotchman stands," that Scotland has no Shakespeare, nor Milton, nor Newton, yet he claims, and justly claims, that the masses of his countrymen were far superior to the masses of the English or of any other European country, and that in the second rank of great men were to be found more Scotchmen than any other.

Among other examples to sustain this he says that the Wealth of Nations had produced a greater revolution in human affairs than any English philosopher for a hundred and fifty years previous. The author of the History of Civilization not only confirms this, but says further: "It is probably the most important book which has ever been written, whether we consider the amount of original thought which it contains or its practical influence." So, likewise, Miller says, that in the mechanical world no living man in that age did more to change the face of things than James Watt.

Sprung from such a people, inheriting more or less of their national traits, Mr. BECK was a good illustration of the great fact that man is the creature of his environments.

Coming here as a boy of 16 with the Scottish materials in his composition strongly impressed with the ancestral stamp, we may suppose correctly that they received their most excellent form and molding by the broad and incomparable surroundings of this mighty America. Not only the territorial splendors and unexampled natural capacities of the great Republic must have had their influence, but its free institutions, its inviting welcome to all meritorious endeavor, its democratic and nonfeudal recognition of intrinsic manhood, flowed in upon him and shaped his generously receptive nature even as the retiring primeval seas aided in the shaping of the surface of our earth. A splendid character was thereby formed.

Kentucky, the prolific mother of brave and able men, received this Scottish youth into her bosom, opened wide the door of opportunity to him, and bade him enter into prosperity if he could. He entered, and, aided by the sterling virtues of his race and the enduring qualities imparted by his early training, he fought his way, step by step, to all the honors which his adopted mother could bestow, though a right gallant host of her own gifted sons held the lists in every joust.

Others have recited the outlines of his career. They are familiar to us all, and I need not dwell upon them. I met him first in 1866, when he was then a member of the House of Representatives. His strong and rugged nature immediately attracted my admiration; his genial and kindly heart soon after attracted my love and affectionate regard. From that day until the moment when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Almighty summoned him from us, I never ceased to hold him in the highest esteem. His ability was undoubtedly great.

Though finance was his specialty and the chosen field of

his strength, he was at home in all other departments of our legislation. His acquaintance with the practical details of governmental affairs was extraordinary. He seemed to possess at once the far-reaching vision of the eagle, by which he discerned distant events, and the minute observation of the sparrow for the small grains at his feet; watchful, alert, ready, diligent, this Senate never saw a more valuable legislator than he was.

In the investigation of the many economic questions with which his daily life here was confronted his strong mind was supplemented by a capacity for labor—which is the true secret of genius—that was unexcelled, I might almost say unequaled, by that of any man whom I have ever known. Built in gigantic mold physically and intellectually, approaching work with a zest which resembled positive pleasure, his iron frame seemed incapable of fatigue.

When occasion demanded he never spared his drafts on either mind or body, but freely, alas too freely, as was afterwards apparent to all, expended both.

Whilst all of our American world knows of his great abilities and service to his State and country, only those in the circle of his immediate acquaintance were aware of his most excellent moral and social qualities. He had in his veins both Celtic highland and Saxon lowland blood. His character therefore was generous and impulsive as the one and brave and prudent and steadfast as the other.

There never was a more charming companion, a more generous friend. In his person I found an explanation of what to me had seemed a contradiction in the Scottish character. Being confessedly the most practical, sober-minded, every-day, common-sense people of Europe, they have yet shown themselves to be possessed of more acute and deeply seated sentiment than any other race. No poets of any

people of the ancient or modern world, not even those of Ireland itself, have ever so delicately uttered the voice of the human heart or expressed its emotions of tenderness and sorrow with so much of pathos as do the songs of its common people. Lamartine says of "Auld Robin Gray:" "If the Greek strophes of Sappho are the very fire of love, these Scotch notes are the very life-blood and tears of a heart stricken to death by fate. I know not who wrote the music, but whoever he may be, thanks be to him for having found in a few notes and in the mournful melody of a voice the expression of infinite human sadness." Beneath his practical, intense matter-of-fact manner, his constant flow of genial humor, I found oftentimes a touch of sentiment as tender, an appreciation of the beautiful as fine and delicate, as I have ever discovered in any man. I shall never forget one obvious manifestation of it.

During the Christmas holidays of 1883 he accompanied me to Currituck Sound on a sporting expedition for shooting wild duck and swan. At sunset we were floating upon the bosom of the sound on a little sail vessel. It was during the period of those remarkable red skies in the evenings, which have been attributed by scientists to the impregnating of the atmosphere with the obsidian dust ejected by the volcanic action of Krakatoa in the Strait of Sunda the year before. However that may be, all will recollect the remarkable atmospheric exhibitions of that period. Toward the sunset from where we stood on the vessel's deck the lake was girdled by a green belt of pines, behind which the sun was going down.

All the intervening space appeared as a sheet of golden fire reflected in the limpid waters. Above the whole atmosphere was in a glow, reaching from the waters quite to the heavens, in which appeared all the shades of carmine, from

the deepest red to palest gold. We stood enwrapped, and contemplated without speaking the changing tinges as the sun receded. Groups of wild fowl picturesquely interspersed were irradiated like the waves and became living masses of moving fire. These, with the gentle undulations of the golden billows, gave soft life to the scene. When I could for a moment withdraw my gaze I looked at Mr. BECK. His countenance was transformed. It shone with a bright and joyous radiance wrought by the divine alchemy of that wondrous exhibition of celestial scenery. His cheek was aflame; his eye glowed with the fervor of his country's poets, and I saw there the inspiration of the songs of his native land.

I saw his body laid to rest beneath the velvet verdure of the land he loved so well and served so devotedly, amid the lamentations of a State and the tender regrets of a whole nation. I doubt not that his spiritual vision now gazes upon those other and fairer scenes whose glories are unspeakable.

ADDRESS OF MR. HALE, OF MAINE.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The life of the late Senator from Kentucky has been so well portrayed here and his character has been so finely delineated, that there is no need for me to dwell upon them, and I shall content myself with a very brief, unaffected tribute to a man who always commanded my respect and had gained my personal regard and affection.

I first knew Mr. BECK during his service and mine in the House of Representatives, where he was then a most prominent actor upon his side of the chamber, and where he manifested the same earnestness and vigor which afterwards

marked his life here. That acquaintance, I am glad to say, ripened into a friendship when I came into the Senate, the memory of which I shall always carefully and fondly cherish. I do not, in going back over these years, bring up a single incident of our acquaintance which does not carry with it the most pleasing of recollections.

During all the time that I have been a member of this body, up to the day of the death of Senator BECK, he and I had what is known in the Senate as a "a general pair," and it was characteristic of the frank and generous way which he had of doing things that when the agreement was made between us he said, "Let either of us vote whenever he has a mind to," and during all these years this relation, so necessary in the business of the Senate both to the body and to the individual, never rested as a burden upon either of us; neither ever questioned the vote of the other.

The State of Kentucky has sent very many able men into public life. These men have made her illustrious in war and in peace. Some of them have been sons of her soil, who were there born and lived and died, and others have betaken themselves to the State and have made it their own and have helped to produce the Kentucky of the past and the Kentucky of to-day; but, Mr. President, among all these that State has never found a truer, abler, and more faithful and efficient representative in public life than this large-minded, hard-headed, genial-natured Scotchman, who came, an untried lad, out from the fields of old Dumfriesshire, and, going to Kentucky, fought out his manly battle there for preferment against all rivals in the State that he had adopted and made his home.

From this training at home he came a well-prepared man into Congress. His mind was wide and large. Strong as he was upon the special subjects to which he devoted great

attention, he went far beyond these, and I have known few Senators who were better up in what may be called the business of the Senate than was Mr. BECK. His memory was retentive. His habit was formed upon the models of extreme industry, and I think he was as well equipped for general debate upon the subjects arising here as any Senator whom I have known in my service.

All these things, Mr. President, we mourn and miss; we miss the rugged earnestness of the Senator from Kentucky; we miss his aggressive self-assertion; we miss his sharp retort; we miss his red-handed foray into the territory of every political foe; but, missing them and mourning them, we wish that he were here to-day! We miss his genial nature, his wide, broad, embracing friendship. We miss those occasions when, work and business laid aside, we met him at one place or another when the hour was devoted to enjoyment, and where our dear, lost friend was at his best, and then, Mr. President, we know the aching void which none can fill.

When JAMES B. BECK left us, Mr. President, we lost an able Senator, a true, high-minded man, a character of lofty integrity, a good friend, the memory of whom time may possibly dim, but, certainly with me, can never efface.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: We are not making history in this session of the Senate; we have stopped to record a great history, much of which was made in this Chamber. We are all agreed that there is nothing to reprobate in the history of JAMES B. BECK, and there are none who knew him who will not testify that he deserved their praise and the tribute of honest affection.

In that spirit, Alabama places her chaplet on his tomb. As one of her representatives I will speak of him as he appeared to me.

A native-born citizen of the United States will seldom visit Scotland without wishing to go to Dumfriesshire, the native place of JAMES B. BECK. He will desire to talk with the people among whom Mr. BECK spent his infancy and boyhood, about the heir to so many virtues, such faithfulness, manly vigor, and splendid development, and such great abilities.

The question will be constantly presented to his mind, whether the Scottish blood and brawn, and the invigorating air of Scotland, and the earnest devotion of Scotchmen to their convictions of right and duty, and the high traditional reputation of that race for the courage to live up to their convictions, came with the lad across the waters and grew up through a natural and inevitable process into such a strong manhood here, as a transplanted twig would grow and spread into a great and majestic tree, or whether the soil and air of America gave to his mind and body unusual strength and vigor, and our free institutions gave to him the incentive to work and the liberty of thought and action through which so excellent a growth was alone possible to him. We know that in the happy union of Scottish birth and American nurture there was created and matured a character marked for great distinction.

In form and stature he was a splendid development of stalwart manhood; in his manners he was simple and modest; in his tastes he found the greatest pleasures in a devout love of the beauties of nature; in his heart he loved his fellowman and denied to none who were poor or suffering or wretched the true sympathy of a generous nature.

It is difficult for me to speak of this great public charac-

ter in terms that describe impartially the important labors of his life, because I find my personal affection for him constantly drawing my thoughts away from his great history as a statesman, and fixing them upon those traits of character and those happy associations that so enrich the memories of many who are around me.

And so he will not receive among the Southern people the full appreciation of his great abilities until time shall have elapsed, for they now read his record in the warm light that love imparts to the glow of gratitude, and they magnify his generosity until it seems greater than his abilities as a statesman.

Mr. BECK honored the name and character of American citizenship. He has no more just and honorable appreciation among men than he has received from those who most widely differed with him in opinion and action since he was first admitted to a seat in the House of Representatives. His reputation has long been historic and national, and his friends are included in immense circles, extending far beyond the range of his personal acquaintance, or the limits of his political associations.

His reputation is that of a wise, enlightened, courageous, and true legislator, whose sense of duty was his guide and the limit of his action.

This massive and enduring structure was built up by his industry, with sound materials, and he carried the apex so high above the common plane that the finer decorations of genius would add nothing to it, but would be above the reach of common observation.

He had in a high degree the genius for good, just, and equal government, and that eminent faculty of devising great measures founded on true principles, to relieve the people from injustice and distress.

When he portrayed the wrongs of the people he often impressed the Senate with the fact that he was, unconsciously, a master of the eloquence of logic, and had high gifts of passionate oratory. He was the devout, jealous, fond, and faithful lover of American institutions, political, industrial, and social. As we mark the progress of this Scotch lad to the eminence and power he gained in a short lifetime and inquire into the causes of his success, this honest love of our plan of government and our Constitution will be credited as the most influential motive and his greatest incentive.

He came with his father's household to America in search of better fields for their labor as farmers. Neither father nor son had any thought of still wider fields in which the industry, integrity, and mental powers of the lad could find employment in giving laws to the great Republic and in enriching its history with another splendid example of the elevating and strengthening effect of our free institutions upon the unfettered aspirations of an honest mind and a brave and true spirit, animated with a sincere love for constitutional liberty.

In ascending steadily and fearlessly to the great elevation where fame and honor stood ready to welcome him, he did not forget his earlier labors, the frugal living which had been made necessary by the moderate means of his family; the forests and fields dressed in green and gold; the birds and flowers that gladdened his boyhood; nor did he cease to remember and care for the honest toilers who labored in that simple but noble vocation which blesses the world with nearly all its wealth and its subsistence.

There was no affectation in his love of the farmer or the sympathy he so freely expressed for his sufferings and wrongs. In his bosom the dearest memories of home and friends and of the simplest and best enjoyments of life were linked with

his experiences as a farmer's son. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was to him the sweetest of the lays of Scotland. In his higher but less comforting labors in the broader field of statesmanship he bent the whole power of his great energies with faithful industry in vindication and protection of the rights of the agricultural classes.

No man who saw him could doubt his sincerity, and all who witnessed his zeal and listened to his vivid oratory were compelled to recognize in him the fearless and intelligent championship of those industries in which his childhood and youth had been employed.

He did not enlist in a political career for the sake merely of winning popular applause. He was averse to notoriety, but had an intense though modest appreciation of the good opinion of those who placed a proper estimate on services honestly rendered to society.

It was an irresistible demand upon his conscience and the belief that he could be of service to the country that drew him into the political vortex, and when he had given to his life that direction he could not abandon his course, nor would the people permit him to withdraw.

In the contests of the bar, to which he came with a strength and skill due to the natural powers of his intellect rather than to his learning as a jurist, he had gained the solid confidence of the people that he was better fitted to be a legislator than an advocate.

That firm and generous trust which is never withheld from a dutiful, sincere, true, and talented man by the people whom he served was given to him almost without reserve. His whole public life justified their confidence in him.

When Mr. BECK left Scotland he did not sever a single floss in the silken cord of sentiment that bound him to the home of his childhood—that land where the legends of the

great and good deeds of an exalted race are celebrated in song and story, until every mountain and plain and every lake and brook has a history that is imperishable.

But he brought his heart to America and gave it to Kentucky, who now has given him a place of final rest in her bosom; and Kentucky has contributed his services to the Republic, in which he has proven his devotion to the entire country and has honored the great office of Senator from a sovereign State.

In the Senate his name is still on the roll-call whenever we are confronted with questions and situations where reference to facts, laboriously collected, and the wisdom of their philosophy is needed to guide us in the way of good government for the people and the States. In memory we recall his utterance in debate and his votes as if he were still present in this chamber.

A still more grateful and pleasing burden is borne to us by memory as we still enjoy the recollection of his frank, amiable, and generous bearing in the Senate, and the charming warmth and interest for others displayed in all his personal relations with his brother Senators.

How impossible it is to feel that he has passed to a sphere where his affection for us has chilled, when, without any motive but the most sincere affection for him, we cherish his memory, honor him in his grave, and follow him with wishes for his happiness that only God can grant.

The history of his public life, if fully told, would not weary any man who understands and appreciates his country; but this is not an occasion suited to such an effort. Any chapter in his public history would give a true impression of the man and the statesman.

He came from a country where social and political distinctions are the inheritance of certain families, and are sel-

dom won by industry and integrity, even when aided by the highest abilities.

Great Britain is not a land of opportunities, except to such as are born to them.

The first inspiration of our free and better system aroused in him the consciousness of an unexpected power coupled with responsibilities and lifted by aspirations that would guide and stimulate him to the highest endeavor. Almost unconsciously he rose quickly to the clear comprehension of the new light that had come into his life, and with courage and integrity, guided by a strong sense of duty, he determined to realize and enjoy the blessings of American citizenship.

When he came to the United States our political horizon was belted all around with the clouds of angry dissensions. A powerful people were marshaling to settle great questions among themselves, as to which pressure and resistance seemed to be equal forces. There was not an interest or sentiment, social or political, or that was to be traced in the highest morality of the churches, or that groveled in the meanest greed of cupidity, or in the gangrene of envy and jealousy, that was not being intensified to the degree of open warfare.

As these clouds rolled up to the zenith and darkened all the land, this young man looked beyond the tempest with an eye of undaunted faith. He saw in the survival of the States the real supports of our great plan of government, and in their restoration to harmonious relations the re-establishment of peace and concord among the people.

He saw that the Union was to be restored through the indestructible sovereignty of the States; and he allied himself with that body of people who maintained their sovereign rights in all matters relating to local government. He be-

came a Democrat while the power of that party was at its weakest, because he believed that the true guardianship of the liberties of the people and of the rights of the States was to be found in the principles espoused by that political organization.

His first residence in America was in the State of New York, where he received kind attentions from the farming people, which always excited his sense of gratitude.

Seeking newer and broader fields and better rewards for his labors as a farmer, he made his permanent home in Kentucky. In that fertile and beautiful land, whose sod he turned with the burnished plowshare, he met a most generous welcome.

His affection for the noble people whose confidence and esteem he won by his personal merits did not cease with even the last pulsations of his heart. Doubtless he loves them still. The civil war came on, but in Kentucky the war was an internecine conflict. The attitude of the State was left in doubt as between the contending parties. The young Scotchman saw his dearest friends on both sides engaged in the fratricidal strife, and deplored what he could not prevent, their deadly antagonism to each other.

He did not join either of the warring factions, and was left in that fortunate attitude when the war ended that he could give to both his valuable assistance in the restoration of peace, justice, and civil order. Without being the enemy of either faction, he was an acceptable intermediary to both.

The hour of his usefulness arrived when the welfare of the people of Kentucky required the intervention of a bold, prudent, and just man, guided by an honest devotion to principle and obedient to duty, to stay the hand of violence, and to preserve to the State its constitutional relations with the Union, and to the people their rights and liberties.

He entered the Fortieth Congress under the commission of Kentucky, the only Southern State that refused to accept and ratify either of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution.

This great fact indicated the devotion of the people of Kentucky to rights that were solemnly guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States and her assertion that war had wrought no change in her statehood; that the war had not so altered her powers of sovereignty, nor had its results so unbalanced her equality with other States in the Union as to make it necessary, in the judgment of her people, that she should accept a second confirmation of her statehood, so as to bring her within the pale of the Union as a free, sovereign, and independent State.

Other States were recognized as such only upon fundamental conditions that were imposed by Congress, and others had constitutions decreed to them by Congress, which they had rejected, under laws which Congress had prescribed. Kentucky rode out the storm of war without dragging her anchors, and saved the honor and liberties of her people from the disgrace and devastation of the process of reconstruction, by standing firmly to her constitutional rights in open defiance of all dictation.

Mr. BECK, when he entered the House of Representatives under the commission of Kentucky, stood upon the firm rock on which our fathers built the Government of the United States—the rights reserved in the Constitution to the States respectively, and to the people. In perfect accord with the attitude of his State, he reached forth his powerful arms and gave the strength of his early and vigorous manhood to the task of lifting to the same foundations on which Kentucky stood her stricken and prostrated sister States of the South.

This work was suited to his genius, which was mighty and practical in those labors that restore justice and right to the wrong and oppressed. It was suited to the general impulses of his heart, which were aroused to heroic action whenever he confronted tyranny, and it made enduring records of his sympathy for a suffering people.

I need not attempt to repeat the history of his labors in this field of duty, where he grew rapidly to great distinction.

The records of the House and the Senate contain the history of his generous and courageous defense of the rights of the States and the people, and few brighter or more instructive pages can be found, in all this great collection of debates, than those in which he led and directed the course of opinion and sentiment that became the final resolution of the American people in favor of peace, fraternity, and justice—the new commandment given to the new era.

He left a record still more honorable to his personal character in the hearts of the people of the South. The traditions of his personal and public history will be cherished by them and their children through the generations to come. They will descend with the tide of unadulterated blood through the veins of his kindred race to a later and still greater posterity, who will recur to his teachings and his example for lessons to inform and guide them in other struggles for higher ascendency in the leadership of the self-governing nations.

As, in his elevation to high places of public trust, he never forgot the ties of affection that bound him to toiling men in humble spheres, so he has taken with him beyond the grave the honest love of the great body of the people of his adopted country. But we can scarcely think of him as a son by adoption under our laws. He seems to have been

as native to America as the heather is to the slopes of Ben Lomond.

In his marriage he was also cordially welcomed into a distinguished family, whose blood was the closest, in collateral kinship, to the lineage of the illustrious man whom all Americans have claimed and will always claim as the Father of his Country—a sacred mark of affiliation that no American will ever consent to acknowledge toward any other person.

It was a fortunate circumstance—one that has borne excellent fruit in the hospitality we have always extended to foreign-born people who are worthy of confidence and respect, and has liberalized our laws of naturalization—that Washington was so intimately associated in our war of independence with men like General La Fayette and Marshal Rochambeau and Col. Alexander Hamilton, whose father was a Scotchman, and many others of the noblest patriots of the Revolution, all of whom were aliens by birth to the colonies.

The way that they opened up to the aspiring men born in other countries, who claim the liberties secured to American citizenship and its abundant honors, leads directly to the hearts of the people. Along that shining way are found many of the most cherished monuments of our national history.

If Mr. BECK had written the Declaration of Independence he could not have been more patriotically devoted than he was to its principles. No man who ever entered Congress more devoutly obeyed his oath to support the Constitution of the United States. The form and plan, the powers and limitation of government as they are ordained in the Constitution, received the enlightened sanction of his judgment and held him soul-bound in loyalty to its authority.

He found embodied there in the bill of rights and in the powers reserved to the people the essence of the liberties and the freedom of conscience and speech for which his race had been contending through many centuries. It was no new task upon his heart or his energies that he should espouse the cause of the people and defend them against aggression. His public career was conspicuously devoted in all his great labors to preventing injustice and favoritism in legislation.

So ardently did he desire to employ every possible moment in the public service that after he was stricken with a fatal malady he lingered in reach of the Senate until the hour of his death. He could not reconcile the thought to his faithful love of Kentucky that she should, through his infirmity, be silent as to his vote in the Senate. His last appearance on this floor will always linger in our memories as a noble and touching example of his courage and fidelity in the discharge of a public trust.

When the roll of Senators was being called and the votes recorded on a great measure, long-considered and important, he came into the Chamber, pale and tremulous from physical weakness, and in a few words stated his reason for being there to vote, his opposition to the bill, and recorded his last vote in the negative. That effort was nearly fatal to him.

But he refused to believe that his career was ended. It was full enough of honors and of duties well performed to satisfy the loftiest ambition, and therewith he was content; but he felt that other work for the people and the Constitution was needed, and that one of those crises that seem to attend the progress of our Government and too often to threaten our liberties was nearly approaching, and he could not feel willing to be carried from the field before the battle had been fought and won. But he was! As he came

back to Washington, filled with comfort at the hopeful assurance of his advisers that he could soon resume his seat in the Senate, in an instant of time he parted with life in the capital of his country. Silence best becomes a grief that I can not express, and I will leave him to the historian.

ADDRESS OF MR. PLUMB, OF KANSAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: When those of us who have been here for a series of years bring to mind the many occasions when we have been called upon to pay the last tributes of esteem and affection to brethren who have fallen by the wayside, we may well pause to consider whether the ends which we pursue here or in other fields of activity are worth the toil and energy and anxiety which we contribute to them, especially when even the largest successes bring but transient satisfaction, and the joy of triumph and the eagerness of struggle and controversy are alike ended in sudden extinguishment.

The suspension of accustomed duties and the postponement of pressing cares and responsibilities, in order that we may give thought to the destiny assigned to all, ought to be useful in tempering the heat of party zeal, in softening the asperities which embitter competition, and generally in prompting us to lift above the level of personal pique or resentment the varying lines of duty and of effort which we are called upon to follow.

No nobler instance can be cited of this subordination of the merely personal and passionate in the contentions which busy and successful careers promote than the history of him whose memory we honor to-day furnishes.

Mr. President, concurring in all that has been and all that may be said in eulogy of our late comrade and friend, I should do injustice to my own feelings were I to employ this occasion in a formal estimate of his intellectual powers, grandly developed as they were, or in measuring the value of his wise counsel and enthusiastic advocacy.

Great as he undeniably was in all the attributes which at once excite popular admiration and qualify for the largest usefulness, he seems greater to me now as the friend than as the statesman, as the generous, kindly, confiding, helpful companion, than as the heroic soul to whom the ardor of chivalrous contention appeared to give greater delight than the fruits of victory.

Separated from the late Senator by opposite political sentiments and affiliations, it was my happy fortune, soon after I came to the Senate, to be able to claim him as my personal friend. Entertaining views in common on many questions of public import, I learned to value his advice, to lean upon his counsel, and to esteem and love him as a man. Such was the unbounded kindliness of his nature that no friend ever appealed to him in vain; and if I allude to these personal reminiscences it is that I may acknowledge the obligations which I owed to him, and which, alas! can only now be inadequately requited by this imperfect tribute to his memory.

Could I with delicacy recall in this presence the numerous and emphatic acts of kindness on his part with which our intercourse was illustrated, the long recital would avouch and justify my individual sorrow at his loss.

Boundless as his genial good nature and tenderness for others always were, these qualities seemed to be notably conspicuous as his useful and brilliant course drew near its conclusion. It will ever be one of the sweetest and choicest

of the felicities which have come to me, as they come in larger or smaller measure to all, that within a short time of that fateful moment when his light was extinguished forever he spoke cordially of our friendship, and of myself personally, in terms that I can never worthily acknowledge, much less deserve.

Sir, the career of the late Senator was itself the highest of tributes to the beneficence of institutions under the shelter of which he rose to great usefulness and renown. Bringing to his adopted country the rugged fidelity and staunch persistency which drew their first inspiration from the striking natural features and historic and romantic associations of his native land, he devoted all the qualities of his nature to the founding of a career which, giving early promise of fame, subsequently reflected luster upon the State which advanced and the nation which honored him and will cherish his memory.

Thus once more we pay farewell honors to one who was a leader among us, whose talents challenged our admiration, and whose candor and amiability of nature and tenacious fidelity to duty will continue an example worthy of imitation through all coming time.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAMPTON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Once again are we painfully reminded that "Death loves a shining mark," for these solemn ceremonies impress upon our hearts the fact that the great Senator from Kentucky, the late JAMES B. BECK, has been stricken down by his inexorable hand. The State which honored him and upon which he reflected honor mourns the death of her distinguished and devoted son; the whole country feels and

deplores his loss, and we, his colleagues, who knew him best, grieve for a friend who was as true to his friends as he was to his convictions, and from these latter no allurements could tempt, no threats could drive him.

It is not for me, sir, to speak here of his long, his arduous, his inestimable public services; those are known by all men and by all appreciated. Those services to his country will be recounted by others better fitted than myself to do justice to this high and grateful theme. Mine is the humbler but no less grateful privilege to speak of him as a friend, honored, respected, esteemed, and loved. My tribute to his memory is paid to the man, not to the public official, the statesman whose honorable career gave him a reputation as widespread as are the limits of this his adopted country.

No native-born son of that country was ever more loyal to its interests, more solicitous of its welfare, more devoted to its service than he was. In every pulsation of his big heart he was essentially an American, proud of the glory, jealous of the reputation, watchful of the honor of the land wherein he had found a home and to which he dedicated his life. He brought hither from the land of his birth all those high and sturdy qualities which have made the name of Scotchman honored throughout the civilized world—pluck, intellect, honesty, "justice, incorruptible faith, and naked truth."

Unaided in his stern battle of life save by these sterling characteristics, he bravely fought his way to the foremost rank, and he held this proud position until he passed to the grave, honored and mourned by all who knew him. He possessed in an eminent degree all the highest and noblest attributes of true manhood; a moral courage which feared not to assume any responsibility; a singleness of purpose which could never be deflected from the path of rectitude; an indomitable will, which no obstacles could daunt, and abso-

lute integrity; while the kind and genial side of his nature bound his friends to him "with hooks of steel."

Mr. President, a man so gifted, so useful, so attractive, can not fall out of the ranks of the living without leaving a gap hard to be filled, and we miss him daily in this Chamber, which has so often reëchoed his earnest, vigorous, and patriotic utterances. To us, with our limited vision, groping blindly in the dark, the death of such a man, in the midst of his honorable and useful labors, seems an unintelligible and unmitigated calamity; but, sir, may not the blow which took him from earth have been dealt in mercy, as it surely was in wisdom? It is not given to mortals to lift the veil which shuts out the future, and none can tell what that future may have in store for him.

The great mysteries of life and of death are as unfathomable now as they were when the great Creator breathed the breath of life into the inanimate clay, or when sin brought death into the world. Our only light, our only stay, our only hope, are held out by the promises of revelation. The past alone is ours; the future belongs to God. And it seems to me that man should be regarded as happy, even when death claims him, whose past has been made luminous by high purpose, by earnest, noble work, and by honorable deeds. A life thus consecrated to the welfare and the service of mankind can not be said to have had an untimely end, come when it may; and applying this criterion to the life of JAMES B. BECK, we must surely believe that his work on earth was finished and well done, and that he has been called to his reward.

I know, sir, how the hearts of those to whom he was nearest and dearest cry out in bitter anguish for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still;" I know that nature will assert itself when those whom we love are

taken from us; but that very love should make us take comfort from the hope and promise of a blessed immortality.

> I know well
> That they who love their friends most tenderly
> Still bear their loss the best. There is in love
> A consecrated power that seems to wake
> Only at the touch of death from its repose
> In the profoundest depths of thinking souls.

ADDRESS OF MR. GIBSON, OF LOUISIANA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I can not add to the wealth of eulogy which has been bestowed upon our deceased associate, but I owe it to the people whom I represent, and to whom he rendered inestimable services when they were sorely discomforted, and to my own long and cherished friendship, to pay a brief tribute to his memory; at least to cast upon his grave a Louisiana magnolia, the fairest of all our flowers.

From the time when a boy I was in attendance upon the grammar school and playing on the academic green and he was a student in the law department of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., I have been more or less familiar with the private life and public services and have enjoyed the friendship of the deceased Senator.

It is true, Mr. President, as has been stated, he was an alien by birth, but in all other respects he was an intense and typical American. Though a native of Scotland, he found among the people of his adopted State, and in the very community in which he made his home, hospitality and kinship and congeniality for all leading qualities and traits of his character and the bent and genius of his intellect.

They were themselves chiefly of Scotch-Irish origin, and there was a family likeness between him and them.

They quickly saw and appreciated in him the qualities that distinguished him here—his love of patient work, his fondness for mastering the detail of every subject, his thoroughness and toughness, his wonderful physical and mental buoyancy, his rugged honesty, the devotion and zeal with which he espoused a cause, his clear sense of right, his hatred of all shams, his simplicity and candor and fidelity to every obligation, and his strong common sense. He soon rose to the highest position at the bar, first in partnership with John C. Breckinridge and afterwards with Frank Hunt, the acknowledged leaders of the Kentucky bar. He had already laid a solid and enduring foundation in the esteem and confidence of the people before he embarked in public life.

No wonder, then, that he gradually won the unfailing support and admiration of the people of the famous Ashland district and of the whole people of Kentucky.

They exalted him to the public positions which had been honored by Clay and Crittenden, and he in turn showed himself worthy to be associated forever with those renowned leaders in our parliamentary bodies. He was not an accident. His course from the beginning was steady, constant, and persistent, cumulative, deepening, and expanding until the hour of his death. In many respects his career was an evolution of the individual forces with which he was endowed, but in a larger sense it was the logical development of the conditions and cicumstances, the influences and institutions, under which he lived, and it may be said of him that he truly expressed and bore the image and likeness of the people whom he represented.

That career, marked by so many commanding character-

istics, so many enduring traits, so noble and useful and generous, is closed forever. It was dramatic in its termination, but the shadow preceded the event.

I remember about two years ago, while Senator BECK was delivering one of his elaborate and profound speeches, not dealing so much with the abstract principles that underlie political questions as with those pregnant facts and striking illustrations that carry conviction to the plain people of the country, I turned to my neighbor, the venerable Senator from Ohio, my desk-mate and friend, Mr. Payne, and remarked: "What capacity, what endurance, what energy Senator BECK displays; he stands now like a tower of adamant defying time and circumstances."

Following him into the cloak-room to congratulate him, and repeating my remark about his superb physical strength, he turned towards me, and, looking into my face intently and laying his hand upon my shoulder, said: "I may look like a tower of strength, but I am a tower undermined. See how I tremble! I shall probably be the first Senator to be borne from this Chamber to my long rest." It was his last speech. A few months ago he entered this Chamber for the last time, and I had a conversation with him just within the entrance at the central door, under the clock. He then spoke of the encouragement his physician had given him. He informed me of his purpose to take a long rest and voyage with his beloved daughter.

He spoke of old friends in Kentucky and old associations; how dear they were to him and how grateful he was for all the honors bestowed upon him. He recalled, too, the scenes of his early life in Scotland, and his mind was filled with anticipations at seeing again its lovely landscapes, the natural beauties of its lakes and rivers and mountain slopes and crags, made classic by the genius of Burns and Scott. I

urged him to visit Germany and Switzerland and Italy and Spain, and to attend the great fair at Nijnii-Novgorod, on the banks of the Volga; to remain away as long as he could. He said: "All right, I am going to take a long voyage."

Grasping his hand for the last time as he turned to leave, I felt then upon it, as it seemed to me, the chill of death. He, indeed, was about to embark on a long voyage. A voyage which, sooner or later, under the Divine edict, which the Senator from Kansas [Mr. Ingalls] has so eloquently described, we shall all take, over the shoreless sea, from which there is no returning.

Mr. President, Senator BECK has passed beyond the boundaries of the visible universe forever. We shall never see him again. His memory remains. He was beloved by all.

He was open as the day, and candid, generous, affectionate in his private relations; bold and demonstrative, eager and aggressive as a parliamentary leader. His impetuous nature saw no middle ground. His work is finished. He sleeps tranquilly in the beautiful city of the dead near Lexington, Kentucky, within a few steps of the column that commemorates the love and devotion of that noble people for Henry Clay. When in after years the young men of that Commonwealth shall recall the life and services of her renowned sons, of the men who rose from poverty and deprivation to distinction, and held honor and duty above wealth and ease, and were ready to make sacrifices for right and truth, they will ever associate the name of JAMES B. BECK with that of the sage of Ashland.

ADDRESS OF MR. COKE, OF TEXAS.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In the death of JAMES B. BECK our country has sustained no ordinary loss. Although of foreign birth, he honored the country of his adoption. No more stalwart American, no truer patriot, no higher or nobler man in all the relations of life, has in this generation lived or died on our soil than this great Kentuckian. I knew him well, and was honored with his friendship, and loved, respected, and admired him. His great talents, his unfaltering fidelity to principle, his rugged and uncompromising honesty, his fearless advocacy of what he believed to be right, and his stern and aggressive war upon wrong wherever he found it, made him a grand and conspicuous figure both in private and public life.

Mr. BECK'S private life was adorned with all the domestic and social virtues, and his public career was spontaneously crowned with the highest honors his noble State could bestow. As a member of this body he was a tower of strength. Always and everywhere a leader of men, he was ever foremost in debate, commanding the highest respect and consideration of his opponents and the affectionate admiration of his friends. While a strong and vigorous partisan, convictions of patriotic duty ruled and directed his public life, and his statesmanship had that breadth which embraced the whole country and all the people. A man of noble and generous impulses and one of unusual attractiveness, Mr. BECK was the idol of a host of friends, whose devotion to him knew no bounds.

The great Commonwealth represented by him with such distinguished ability holds in her bosom his honored remains and cherishes his memory as only a devoted mother

can. The Senate of the United States, representing this great Union of States which he loved and served so well, this day renders sincere homage to his virtues and his public services, and his friends who knew and loved him, while profoundly mourning his loss, find in the splendid record he left behind, of duty nobly performed to family, friends, and country, a grateful and enduring solace. The mortal part of JAMES B. BECK has passed away, but his honored name will go down to future generations and his fame is one of the garnered treasures of our great Republic.

Mr. BLACKBURN. Mr. President, we had hoped that the ceremonies of to-day would have been participated in by the venerable and honored Senator from Vermont [Mr. Morrill], but failing health makes this impossible. Feeling that it will meet with his approval and that it is but justice to the dead Senator, I ask to have read from the desk a letter received from the Senator from Vermont, and that it be incorporated into and made a part of these proceedings.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Turpie in the chair). The letter will be so read as a part of the proceedings.

The Secretary read as follows:

STRAFFORD, VT., *August* 14, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. BLACKBURN: I do not forget that I promised you to contribute something on the 23d instant respecting your deceased colleague, who, during the long service with me in the Committee on Finance, and there distinguished by his regular attendance, had won my kindliest affections. I had hoped to be present at the time mentioned, and should have been quite willing, for this purpose, to have made the journey to Washington, but the weather here is offering me some relief, and I find it will not be prudent for

me at present to risk the climate so far south, and must, therefore, with much regret, ask to be released from my promise.

Senator BECK, with his mind alert and ever actively employed, supported by a remarkably vigorous physique, had long enjoyed such a full measure of robust health that no one could have suspected, one year prior to his decease, that his conspicuous career was about to close forever. Buoyant with the good humor of a large heart, and dearly loving his friends, hating nobody, all made his presence welcome everywhere. His practical usefulness to his State and to the whole country will be at once conceded, though all of his official life began and ended in Congress, where he discharged every duty with absolute fidelity.

We differed, of course, upon political questions, but upon all other we were usually in accord. He was a brave and frank man, entitled to much respect, and never stooped to any cunning or crooked artifice. He spoke everywhere as he thought and voted as he spoke. In debate he struck sledge-hammer blows, and did not flinch from such as might be returned. As a general legislator he was careful and painstaking, and evidently guided by economical and conscientious convictions.

Perhaps I ought to ask pardon for prolonging this note upon a subject where your knowledge is so much superior to mine, but I shall make no excuses, as I hardly need to assure you, dear Mr. Blackburn, that my friendly esteem for Mr. BECK was very warm, and, if circumstances had permitted me to do so, I should have been glad to have offered a heartfelt tribute to his memory.

Very sincerely, yours,

JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

Hon. J. C. S. BLACKBURN,

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCPHERSON, OF NEW JERSEY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I shall not speak of JAMES B. BECK historically. The eloquent Senators from his own State, and others who have preceded me, have spoken of the struggles, the hopes, the fears, the ambitions of his youth and earlier manhood. I shall speak of him as he was known to me in the meridian of his life and the full glory of his strength.

On the 3d day of May last, upon the wings of the lightning, came to this Chamber the sad tidings, "Senator BECK is dead." Surrounded by members of his family, inexorable death hastened to execute its stern command, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, there passed from life to death our brother and friend. His death, so sudden, when we had been led to hope for his early return to the duties which he performed so well, was indeed a great shock to me. In his death I feel a personal loss, an ever-present bereavement. I feel the loss when I enter this Chamber, and more especially when I enter the committee room where for many years we were thrown constantly together.

Mr. President, a strong man has fallen—strong physically and intellectually. A void has been made in this Chamber which can not be easily filled. His very presence was a tower of strength in all that was upright, wise, and patriotic. There was no mediocrity in his nature. Whatever he was called upon to do was done with the force and acumen of great intellect trained in a purity and honesty of purpose that marked him a peer among the great men of his day. With him life always had its noble purpose. He was found at the front in all contests, where the blows rained fast and hard, ever leading, valiant and loyal to the cause

he espoused. The harder the fight, the more hopeless the contest appeared, the more erect and undaunted he stood. Such was his career in the forum of the nation. He was a born leader of men, and his party associates looked up to, admired, and trusted him. He did not falter at odds. Defeat never conquered or dismayed him. He believed in the right and justice of his cause and naught deterred him.

He was one who knew himself and knew the ways before him. Few men who have risen to eminence in public life were more devoted to duty or labored so unceasingly for the best interests of the country as he saw them. He was a toiler when others slept and worked when others idled. His strong constitution seemed to defy fatigue, and his alert, well-regulated mind was ever active. He never allowed his energies to falter. His unselfish regard for duty only ceased when the cord snapped and he entered on his perfect rest.

The great feature of his career in Congress was his strength and force of character. Never weak, never vacillating, he had no patience for those who were. He fought for principle with all of that force and strength of mind which, from his leonine nature, made him equal to all emergencies. There was a sense of power which surrounded and was of him wherever he went and in all that he did. He made no claim to oratory, but he could trace cause and effect with a logic clear and convincing. His party associates felt it, trusted to it, and relied upon it.

A man of pure purpose, pure thoughts, and pure life; never radical, always conservative, he was tenacious in his views on public polity and always willing and eager in their defense. He stood on the rock of Democratic principles, and neither storm nor passion could move him from his lofty pedestal. No personal or private consideration was ever allowed to interfere with the conscientious discharge of his

duty. He came in contact with some of the best minds and great intellects of his day, and they all found in him an equal, never provoking yet never shrinking from a contest.

His great reliance was on constant labor, on truth, and on manly methods. His labor was for the good of his fellow-citizens, and his unselfish devotion to duty hastened his end.

Such was the man whose career is before us to-day, and whose loss we deplore as we recall his sturdy life and a public record without stain or blemish. With him a wrong was ever a wrong; nothing could excuse or palliate it. He would not tolerate an outrage upon himself nor allow it to be attempted on others. Right ever found in him a champion. To its cause he devoted all the force of his intellect and for it he delivered his hardest blows. Hypocrisy or deceit found no place in his surroundings.

His large experience in legislation gave him opportunities which his active mind was always ready to grasp and to hold with tenacity, until it became a perfect storehouse of useful and important information. He absorbed quickly all that he studied, and his memory was remarkable even for the slightest details. He always mastered a subject thoroughly before he would engage in its discussion.

We all know of his valuable services in this Chamber, and the exacting duties of his membership on the Committees on Finance and of Appropriations. They exhibited his wonderful capacity for work, and such was his thorough mastery of his subject that he was considered one of the ablest debaters in the Senate. There was sound logic based on accurate knowledge. His denunciation of fraud was keen, aggressive, overwhelming. He was an original thinker and a ready speaker of great force and power. His work was never slighted.

He entered public life with clean hands. He was called

from his high trust with them still unsullied. His career is a noble example to leave to his adopted country—manly, statesmanlike, and pure. It has left its impress on the history of his State and country for good. The example of a life so led can but benefit us as a people. His invaluable services will live in his country's history, a lesson to those who are here and who will never forget him, and to those who will come after us. His State loved and delighted to honor him with her highest gifts. His party honored him for his courage, high ability, and honest statesmanship. His country is proud of his pure record, his devotion to her institutions, and his noble example. State, party, and country mourn his sudden death, and honor him as a martyr to duty. How great his services; how useful and beneficial his life; yet in a moment he was summoned to enter into the dark unknown. A flash and he was gone; the pure patriot, the incorruptible legislator was called to his reward.

ADDRESS OF MR. ALLISON, OF IOWA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My personal acquaintance with Senator BECK began in 1867, when he first appeared as a member of the House of Representatives, of which I was also a member. The Fortieth Congress was a memorable one because of the great questions presented for immediate solution. All the important questions growing out of the civil war were imminent, and their settlement in some way so as to restore civil government to the States lately in rebellion, in harmony with the General Government, could no longer be delayed.

Patriotic men on both sides desired such solution as would give permanent peace to the whole country and rebuild the

places made waste by the desolation of war. It was the fortune of our lamented friend to be placed on the House committee having these great questions to solve; he brought to their consideration a courage undaunted, a sincere conviction as to method, and ability of a high order to enforce his views.

His prominence on these questions and ability in discussing them attracted the attention of his associates, and he rapidly grew in power and influence, so that at the beginning of his second term he was placed upon the important Committee of Appropriations, and in the next Congress he was assigned to the Ways and Means. I did not come in close personal contact with him in the House, but admired his methods on the floor and the vigor and strength displayed by him in debate. I often met him then in a social way, and our relations were cordial and friendly.

On the 4th of March, 1877, he became a member of this body, and at the extra session of Congress in October, Senator BECK appeared for the first time in the room of the Committee on Appropriations as a member of the committee. It was soon apparent to those of us who were members of that committee that he was well equipped for the arduous work. His long service in the House had given him valuable experience as respects the machinery of our Government and its needs. He at once took a prominent part in its work. Two years later he became a member of the Committee on Finance. So it has happened that during his whole term of service I was associated with him on Appropriations, and, with the exception of two years, on the Finance Committee. These two committees have charge of all the great financial questions that come before this body, and Senator BECK during all his service was active and potential in the committee room and in debate in this Chamber upon these ques-

tions, and we all know with what vigor and knowledge he debated them on every occasion. Those debates established for him an assured fame in this body.

From the beginning of his service here to the time of his first illness I was associated with him daily in the committee room during the sessions of Congress. He was constant and faithful in his attendance, and studiously and carefully examined every matter upon which he was required to act. Always courteous to his associates and considerate of their opinions, he enforced his own views with great energy and strength. He was a strong Democratic partisan, though not in the party sense of seizing upon small things to secure party advantage. During these years of service we had many sharp conflicts with the House of Representatives, which most of the time was in political sympathy with him. He did not hesitate in these disputes to stand by and vigorously fight for the right as he understood it, though in doing so he often seemed in conflict with his party friends in the House.

His intimate knowledge of public affairs, his strong sense, his excellent judgment, his sense of justice, and his absolute integrity justly gave him great influence in the committee room and in this Chamber, not only with his own side, but with this side as well, and in the country.

I knew him personally well from this daily contact. I soon became his warm and devoted friend, and this friendship continued uninterruptedly until his death. This friendship was reciprocal, I am sure, and was by him in many ways strongly manifested, sometimes to the point of criticism by his party friends in my own State.

He had great physical and mental endurance. I remember my surprise when about two years ago he appeared late in the committee room, and by way of excuse said he had

been ill the night before. A few days later it became evident that the hand of death had touched him. I believe that the overwork of that session contributed to hasten his death. He took great interest in the important questions then being discussed in both Houses during the Presidential year, and gave much study and thought to them.

Although anxious to participate actively in the important work in hand during the last of that session, he was unable to do so. Though thus struck down, death came to him, I am sure, without anticipation at the moment. Four days before his death he wrote me a note asking me to do an errand for him, saying that he was much better, and that he hoped soon to take his seat in the committee room and do his share of the work. Three days afterwards the news came swiftly into this Chamber that he had passed away.

We deplore his loss to us and to the country he served so faithfully and well. I have wondered, as I have listened here to the story of his early youth, what could have been the motives, or it may be the accidents of life, that carried him from the Solway Frith and his native Dumfriesshire to the oldest and most aristocratic region of Kentucky, there to combat for supremacy with those who had struggled with the Clays, the Crittendens, the Breckinridges, and the Marshalls, in other days.

There is much in his life and career of encouragement to the ambitious youth of our country, much to imitate and emulate. Whoever shall write the annals of our time will fail to make a faithful portraiture if the name of JAMES B. BECK does not conspicuously appear on many of its pages.

So, Mr. President, I pay this brief and unprepared tribute to his memory, being the tribute of a sincere and devoted friend.

I will not speculate as to the world beyond, but if faithful

work and good and noble and generous deeds here are rewarded hereafter, then our departed friend is enjoying that reward.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARLISLE, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: So many and such just and eloquent tributes have already been paid to the memory of my distinguished predecessor on both sides of the Chamber, by political friends and political opponents alike, that but little remains for me to add.

If the occasion and the attending circumstances would permit, it would be a grateful task to speak somewhat at length upon the life and character of a man who, notwithstanding the many and fierce forensic contests in which he was engaged, has left no rankling wounds in the bosoms of his antagonists; but this could not be appropriately done now even if I were prepared to do justice to such a subject.

The public career of Mr. BECK constitutes a part, and in many respects a very important part, of the legislative history of the country during a period of nearly twenty-five years, and it can not be properly reviewed without discussing to some extent, at least, directly or indirectly, the great public questions which were presented for consideration in Congress and before the country during that time. Neither his motives nor the character and value of his services can be appreciated without a full understanding of the circumstances by which he was surrounded and the nature and importance of the questions with which he had to deal.

The highest tribute that could be paid to his statesmanship and patriotism would be to recall some of the more important political events that occurred in this country between

1866, when he first entered political life and was elected to the House of Representatives, and 1890, the close of his career in this body, and to show his connection with them. But, sir, this could not be done, even in the most cursory manner, without prolonging these proceedings to an unreasonable extent. We can speak here only in brief terms of his public services, and of the man as we personally knew him in the domestic and social circles and in the daily discharge of his laborious official duties, and intrust his record as an able and faithful servant of the people to the hands of the biographer and historian.

Mr. BECK had never held public office, and, so far as I know, had never aspired to official position of any kind until he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives from the historical Ashland district of Kentucky. He began his career at a time of great political excitement and, I may even say, exasperation. Although actual hostilities had ceased for some time, the whole country was still profoundly agitated by the questions which the termination of our great civil conflict had presented for consideration and settlement. The unfortunate and bitter controversy between the Executive and Congress concerning their respective constitutional powers and duties in relation to the reconstruction or restoration of the seceding States was rapidly approaching its crisis, and the people in all parts of the country were watching with the most intense interest and anxiety every step in the progress of the most momentous political conflict that has ever occurred in our history.

It is impossible after the lapse of so many years to realize the state of feeling which prevailed here and in the country at large at that time, or to appreciate the difficulties necessarily encountered by an almost unknown and wholly inexperienced man suddenly called from the walks of private life to

take an active part in such a contest. There were then in public life and arrayed on the one side or the other in this great controversy some of the ablest men the country ever produced—men of long experience, indomitable courage, and consummate skill in parliamentary warfare. They were the acknowledged champions of their respective causes, and usually when they contended all others were silent. I need not name them. Some are still living, honored and respected by their fellow-citizens for the public services they have performed and are still performing; but many of them have finished their work and passed away.

Mr. BECK went among these men without legislative experience of any kind to qualify him for the unequal contest. Everything was new and strange to him. The great Hall in which he sat, its floors crowded with the chosen representatives of the people and its galleries filled with intelligent and critical spectators, was altogether different from the little old-fashioned court-house at Lexington in which he had been accustomed to debate questions of law in the presence only of his neighbors and personal friends. The questions which he was called upon to investigate and discuss were not only difficult of themselves, but they were of an entirely different character from those he had been in the habit of considering. They were questions which, under any circumstances, might well perplex the ablest and most experienced statesmen, and they were complicated and made more difficult of solution by the fact that the strongest passions and prejudices of the contending parties were aroused to a degree never before witnessed in the Halls of Congress. But he soon accommodated himself to the situation, and in no long time he took, by common consent, a prominent place among the recognized leaders on his side of the House and was universally regarded on the other side as one of its most

formidable adversaries. His faithful and efficient service in committee and the ability displayed by him in the debate on reconstruction and the questions connected with that subject secured for him a national reputation during his first term in Congress, and from that time until his death he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the politics of the country.

Unlike many who suddenly acquire distinction by some brilliant achievement in war or statesmanship and as suddenly sink into comparative obscurity, Mr. BECK continued to rise in the public estimation and in the estimation of his associates in public life, and long before his death had established a reputation for ability, integrity, and fidelity to the interests of the people which will endure as long as the Republic itself.

Mr. President, I think Mr. BECK'S steady and rapid advance, under the circumstances which then surrounded him, to a leading position among the great men who then controlled the affairs of the country is of itself conclusive evidence that he was a man of extraordinary tact and ability, and I have mentioned it and dwelt upon it to some extent, not because he rendered more or better service in that Congress than afterwards, but because it illustrates, in my opinion, better than any other part of his career, the wonderful intellectual power of our deceased associate and friend.

In all the great debates upon taxation, currency, and the general financial policy of the country Mr. BECK took a leading part, whether in the House or in the Senate, and upon every occasion he exhibited a familiarity with his subject and a power of statement and analysis which surprised even his most ardent admirers. He was not and did not profess to be an orator in the usual acceptation of the term, and

yet there were but few who could successfully resist his assaults upon their positions and none who could drive him from his.

He was terse and strong in his statements, overwhelming in his array of facts, and perfectly honest and sincere in his conclusions. He was a man of strong convictions, and always courageous and aggressive in maintaining them. He not only defended his own position with great skill and ability, but he vigorously assailed the position of his adversary, and generally succeeded in putting him on the defensive. In fact, Mr. BECK, while always equal to the emergency, whatever it might be, was stronger in attack than in defense.

No man who ever occupied a seat in this Chamber was more faithful or conscientious than he in the discharge of his public duties and in serving his constituents individually, and I am sure no one ever performed more hard labor. He had a genius for work, which, after all, is the most valuable gift a public man can possess in this practical age. Always in his seat until failing health compelled him to retire, which he did very reluctantly, as we all know, it was a mystery to his fellow Senators how he found time to make those thorough and minute investigations and researches which were absolutely necessary in order to enable him to collect the great mass of facts which constituted a striking and valuable feature in all his speeches.

Speaking here in the presence of Senators, most of whom knew him long and intimately, it seems superfluous to say anything concerning Mr. BECK's characteristics and virtues as a friend and social companion, and yet a personal acquaintance and friendship of many years' duration, and which was never interrupted even for a moment, constrains me to add a word to what has already been said upon that subject.

When not absorbed in his work he was exceedingly fond of the society of his friends, and was always genial and happy in their company, contributing his full share to their entertainment, no matter what the occasion might be.

He was always full of humor and good-fellowship, and there was no element of malice in anything he did or said. He was never envious or jealous of his associates in private or public life. No young man struggling to rise at the bar or in politics was ever repressed or discouraged by him or by anybody else with his approval. On the contrary, remembering his own early struggles, and profoundly grateful for the generous support which the people of Kentucky had extended to him, he rejoiced whenever one of her sons moved toward the front, even though it might ultimately endanger his own supremacy.

His intercourse with the people of all classes and conditions was perfectly free and unconstrained throughout his whole life, and he left behind him no unpleasant memories to diminish the sorrow they felt at his loss. The universal gloom which prevailed among his constituents when the news of his death was received, and the great multitude which assembled from all parts of the State to attend his obsequies, attest more fully than any written or oral panegyric the high estimation in which he was held as a public servant and the affection felt for him as a private citizen and personal friend. Well might they lament his loss, for it will be a long time, I fear, before they find one to fill his place. Strive as they may, his successors can only hope to walk, though with feebler steps than his, in the path he marked out for them here, and endeavor to deserve a small measure of the respect and admiration felt for him elsewhere.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to unanimously, and (at 3 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, August 25, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MONDAY, *May* 5, 1890.

The House met at 12 o'clock m.

The Chaplain, Rev. William H. Milburn, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Eternal God, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, once more, amid life's din, Thou hast commanded silence and bidden us to pause, reflect, and mourn. We mourn the loss of a man large in understanding, schooled by work, ripe in experience, dauntless in courage, kindly by nature and habit, whose patriotism was unsullied and his integrity and honor above suspicion, the dedication of whose days and nights and powers of mind and body to the common weal was absolute. The voice of our sympathy falls as a hollow murmur on the ears of those crushed by this dreadful blow. Be Thou near, O Christ, to minister consolation to those nearest and dearest in blood and affection, whose wound Thy love and time alone can heal. Bring home to all who stand with bowed head before Thee the solemn thought that, somewhere by life's path, there sits the Shadow feared by man, who keeps the keys of all the creeds, and waits for us; from some not far off. Help us, O Father, to make our peace with Thee by repentance of our sins, faith in the atonement of Thy blessed Son, and the amendment of our lives according

to Thy commandments; that whenever the messenger, Death, shall deliver his summons, whether on the instant, in the thoroughfare, or, after wasting sickness, in the hushed chamber, when flesh and heart fail, Thou shalt be the strength of our hearts and our portion forever. We pray through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of Saturday was read and approved.

A message from the Senate by Mr. McCook, its Secretary, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolutions, in which concurrence of the House was requested:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with great sorrow of the death of the Hon. JAMES B. BECK, late a Senator from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That a Committee of seven Senators be appointed by the President *pro tempore* to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. BECK, which will take place to-morrow, Tuesday, in the Senate Chamber, at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory, his remains be removed from Washington to Kentucky in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms and attended by the Committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives, and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-morrow, Tuesday, at 1 o'clock p. m., and to appoint a Committee to act with the Committee of the Senate.

Resolved, As a further mark of respect the Senate do now adjourn.

The message also announced that the President *pro tempore*, under the foregoing resolution, appointed as said committee Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Harris, Mr. Vance, Mr. Kenna, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Manderson.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, I send to the desk a resolution, and ask its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives accepts the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral services of the late Hon. JAMES B. BECK, to be held in the Senate Chamber to-morrow at 1 o'clock p. m., and that the Speaker of the House appoint a Committee, to consist of nine members, to act in conjunction with the Committee of the Senate, to make necessary arrangements and accompany the remains to the place of burial.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, I will not now detain the House except with the announcement of the death of my predecessor and friend, which occurred suddenly at the Baltimore and Potomac depot on last Saturday afternoon. It is a personal sorrow much more than a public one to many of us, most especially, perhaps, to me, who have been his friend since I was a lad of 10 years of age, connected with him by every tie that can connect two men except that of blood.

It was in this House that he won his first national reputation, a reputation based upon the loftiest qualities of true manhood. His life is one of the most romantic in American politics. That a poor Scotch boy should come to the blue-grass country, should rise to the head of the most brilliant bar west of the Alleghany Mountains, should be elected four consecutive times to fill the seat which had been Henry Clay's, should be translated to the Senate and receive election three times consecutively to that body almost without opposition, and should die with the love, confidence, and esteem of that entire State, is a story of surpassing interest and an affecting tribute alike to him and those who honored and trusted him; that during the sixty-eight years of this manly life no one ever found a flaw in his stainless integrity, in his lofty civic courage, in his pure and tender love for those dependent upon him, in the loyalty of his friendship,

in the noble generosity shown to both friend and enemy, in the undoubted ardor of his patriotism and the intrepid defense of his principles, is an attestation that the love which Kentucky gave him and the confidence she reposed in him were wisely given and abundantly justified, and is proof that the grief we feel is a natural grief.

A Scotchman by blood and birth, he was in warp and woof the truest of Kentuckians, typical of her best qualities, the most American of Americans, "every inch a man." We loved him there. Here all honor him; there all mourn him.

I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The SPEAKER. Before the announcement of the result of the vote the Chair desires to announce the appointment of the Committee on the part of the House.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, Mr. Holman, Mr. Blount, Mr. Bland, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Wilson, of Kentucky, Mr. Banks, Mr. Dunnell, and Mr. Butterworth.

The result of the vote was then announced; and accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 23 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

EULOGIES.

September 13, 1890.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE. I ask that the resolutions of the Senate in regard to the late Senator BECK be read.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will first read the special order of the House, and then the resolutions from the Senate will be reported.

The Clerk read the following resolution adopted by the House on the 5th of August last:

Resolved, That Saturday, September 13, 1890, beginning immediately after the reading of the Journal, be set apart for tributes to the memory of Hon. JAMES B. BECK, late a Senator from the State of Kentucky, and that the Senate resolutions remain on the Speaker's table until that day.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will now read the resolutions of the Senate.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of JAMES B. BECK, late a Senator from the State of Kentucky.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute of regard to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE. I ask the Clerk to read the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of JAMES B. BECK, late a Senator from the State of Kentucky and a former member of this House.

That the business of this House be suspended that appropriate honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

That the Clerk of the House of Representatives be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions.

That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. BRECKINRIDGE, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: JAMES BURNIE BECK was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 13th day of February, 1822, and died, a Senator from the State of Kentucky, in the railroad depot on Sixth street, in the city of Washington, on the 3d of May, 1890. He sprang from a sturdy Scotch stock of the highest respectability, which had been well known in the particular section where it had grown for many generations. He was the descendant of those who had participated in the rough and dangerous border warfare which marked for many years the relations between England and Scotland. He was trained in the home of a strict Covenanter and inherited all the traditions of that earnest though somewhat stern sect. He was molded after the most rugged and powerful form of the Scotch people, and was educated after the most rigorous discipline of that nation.

The Bible, Rousses' version of the Psalms, and the rudiments of an English and classic education were severely and permanently instilled into him. At an early age he was placed in the countingroom of his maternal uncles, who were engaged in foreign trade, and the purpose of his father (who migrated to America) was that he should remain in the employ of those uncles and gradually work himself into partnership with them. This plan of life was not agreeable to the lad, and he followed his father to America and worked on a Genesee Valley farm until his majority. He recognized the olden rule, that until he was twenty-one he owed implicit obedience and faithful service to his father, and he gave this ungrudgingly.

He had in some way become attracted by the reputation

of that illustrious orator and statesman whose power of attraction has never been surpassed if indeed equaled in America, Henry Clay, and he had heard of the marvelous beauty and unequaled fertility of the blue-grass region of Kentucky; and influenced by these two causes he came to Lexington, Kentucky, in 1843, a few months after he became twenty-one. After some hesitation he determined to cast his lot with those people and there make his home.

Without hesitation he entered upon the preparation of his life's work by engaging himself as the manager and foreman on the farm of the late Drummond Hunt, a gentleman who lived to an extreme old age, and who witnessed with affection and pride the success of the unknown Scottish youth to whom he had shown the tenderness of a father rather than the kindness of an employer, and who was repaid for that treatment not only with the most faithful and intelligent service, but with lifelong friendship and gratitude.

The friendship of this simple, honest, brave Kentucky gentleman and this unknown but successful stranger was alike honorable to each, and significant of the character of the people among whom Mr. BECK settled, and of the inner and finer nature of Mr. BECK. He early impressed himself upon the people of that section of Fayette County in which the farm of Mr. Hunt was located. His physical qualities, his great muscular strength, his easy ability to perform any kind of physical labor required on a Kentucky blue-grass farm, his kindly and unaffected manners, his shrewd and unusual intelligence, his transparent honesty, and his habitual kindliness necessarily secured for him the attachment of all who came in contact with him.

It was a fortunate selection of a home. There is no rural population in the world superior to that in the midst of

whom Mr. BECK found his first Kentucky home. A stable population; conservative, intelligent, and well educated; simple in manners, strict in morality, rather stern in frugality; implacable in hatred of all meanness and dishonesty, though possibly too forgiving as to acts of personal violence; hospitable and without the trace of jealousy, that people form a community into which it is at once fortunate and delightful for a man to enter.

The subsequent career of Mr. BECK is not remarkable if we could rightly value the influences which had surrounded and helped to mold him up to the moment when he entered the law school at Transylvania University. The Calvinistic Scottish training, a simple but dutiful and laborious life on a rich New York farm, followed by the daily contact and ever-present influences of a kindly, virtuous, and God-fearing Kentucky neighborhood not unnaturally fitted such a man as Mr. BECK was for a successful contest in life. No influences can make a great man out of a little one, as no art of the jeweler can turn pewter into silver; but if God has given to a man the qualities which render success possible, such environments and influences prepare him for any vocation to which he may be called.

With Scottish economy Mr. BECK saved most of his wages, and with that marvelous capacity for labor which was perhaps his most striking characteristic as a public servant, he used the hours of leisure in intense study in preparation for the bar. Mr. Hunt's library was one rather larger than is common to farmers, and among the visitors to Mr. Hunt's farm were some of the best-read men of Kentucky. Mr. BECK was a voracious and omnivorous reader, and easily obtained the use of whatever books were in any of the libraries of those with whom he became acquainted.

He was a much better belles-lettres scholar than was gen-

erally believed of him. He was a man of much wider reading than was generally known, for like most able men who have not had the best advantages he was modest of his acquirements and underrated them, and was in the habit of using expressions which misled those who did not know him intimately as to the scope and value of his general reading; and to those who only knew him in his public life it may be a surprise to know that he was uncommonly well read in the poetry of the world, and had at his fingers' ends the best novels ever written.

In 1845 he entered the law department of Transylvania University, Lexington. He was again fortunate in the surroundings and influences which this step gave him. The faculty then consisted of George Robertson, who had been a member of this House soon after the war of 1812, had been chief justice of the court of appeals of Kentucky, had raised himself from humble life to the highest eminence in his profession in the State, and was a man of remarkable attainments and ability; of Thomas A. Marshall, who had also served with credit in this House and as justice and chief justice of the appellate court of Kentucky, and wore with distinction a name so illustrious in judicial and political history; and Aaron K. Woolley, who was for many years the circuit judge of that circuit, and who was accounted by Mr. BECK, as I have often heard him say, the best colloquial lecturer that he ever heard on any subject.

The class was a large and uncommonly intellectual body of young men, and from it have come many of the leading lawyers, judges, and statesmen of Kentucky during the past forty-five years. In the two years during which he was a student of law, working during the vacation so as to maintain himself during the ensuing session, he made the impression upon the faculty and his classmates that he was a

man of real promise. He did not impress himself as much as his subsequent career would seem to have justified. His natural diffidence; his brogue, which was then much more marked than in later years; his awkwardness of manner, which though it never entirely disappeared became greatly diminished as he succeeded at the bar, on the stump, and in Congress, and perhaps a certain slowness of development and growth might account for the belief of his classmates that he was going to be a successful lawyer only through great and continued labor.

Mr. BECK was an ardent follower and admirer of Henry Clay—an intense and, as he supposed, fixed Whig—and not unnaturally became the associate of the young gentlemen who belonged to the Whig party and who afterwards became very prominent in Kentucky. The State was then in a period of transition. The older generation of statesmen and politicians was passing away, and they had been so conspicuous and dominant that there were no middle-aged men to take their places, and those who were the contemporaries of Mr. BECK soon began to play a prominent part at a period of life when men are usually considered too young for great things.

The Mexican war naturally attracted these young men, and they volunteered and served with conspicuity and merit, and upon their return not unnaturally soon found favor with the people. General John S. Williams, who had commanded first a company and then a regiment in the Mexican war, and who was defeated by Mr. BECK for a seat in the Senate and afterwards became Mr. BECK'S colleague in that body; General William Preston, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican war and soon became a member of this body and minister to Spain; John C. Breckinridge (who, however, was a Democrat) was major in that war and

soon entered this House and became Vice President of the United States and Senator, and others scarcely less conspicuous in Kentucky's history, were all of about the age of Mr. BECK and early became his friends.

The good fortune which had followed him was crowned by his marriage. His wife was the stepdaughter of one of the most beloved and popular governors Kentucky had ever had—for a long period a member of this House and a judge of the circuit court. She was connected by blood or marriage with many families of the highest repute in Virginia and Kentucky, perhaps one of the nearest blood relatives to George Washington, and was in every way worthy of her birth, of her blood, and her connections.

She saw in Mr. BECK those qualities which afterwards everyone recognized; she foretold in her girlhood the eminence he would reach, and she gave to him an undivided and exuberant affection which never ceased to grow until her death separated them. She brought to Mr. BECK what was in those days a fair competency, and what was more, the influence of a large circle of friends and relatives.

Between Mr. BECK and John C. Breckinridge there had grown up a friendship more tender and intimate than is usual among men, and this gave to him the kindly feeling of a very large portion of the people of the State. It may not be unbecoming to say that no man has ever lived in Kentucky who had so warm a personal affection felt for him as John C. Breckinridge. Men who wholly disagreed with his opinions loved him with an affection that was even more than fraternal, and soldiers who in the late great war had followed the Union flag and fought battles where Breckinridge commanded on the other side were eager after his death to unite in every possible testimonial of honor, affection, and sorrow.

The State, which had refused to follow his leadership and had disowned his counsels, lovingly erected in the city of his birth a statue as a testimonial of her pride and love for his great and noble character. The constant esteem shown to Mr. BECK in parts of Kentucky where his person was unknown was in part due to the transmitted friendship which those people had borne for Breckinridge, and which in his retirement and on his death they conferred on Mr. BECK. It was, as has often been stated by Mr. BECK, the persuasion and influence of Breckinridge which induced him to settle permanently in Lexington rather than to seek his fortune elsewhere after he obtained his license to practice law, and the generous offer of Breckinridge to divide his slender resources with him until he would not longer need them was far more than repaid by the skillful and diligent management of Breckinridge's estate during his absence in the war and after his death.

To those who have known Mr. BECK it is needless to say that his rise at the bar was certain and continuous. In my judgment, he was the best circuit court practitioner I have ever known. He was not equal as a lawyer to several of his associates at the bar, nor as an advocate could he fairly stand comparison with several whom he daily met; but his miraculous capacity for labor, the strength and vigor of his intellect, the readiness and fertility which he always exhibited, his adaptability to every kind of cause gave to him a certain roundness and skill as a practitioner which was unique. The training of a circuit court lawyer in such a circuit as that is of itself of the utmost value.

A lawyer in full and lucrative practice in that court which has jurisdiction of criminal and common pleas, and chancery causes in a court which habitually meets at 8 o'clock in the morning and continues all day and frequently holds night

sessions, meeting at every county court-house a resident bar of skilled practitioners, and also meeting the most formidable antagonists, attracted by the larger fees from the neighboring bars, must be a most ready and fertile lawyer. He must acquire the habit of thinking upon his legs, and becoming possessed of the facts of his case with rapidity; he must be free from any conspicuous blunders, for his practice is constantly before a crowded court-house.

It was a happy, even if laborious life. That district is a compact and beautiful one, with macadamized turnpikes to every county town, every one of which is full of pleasant and cultivated people. The lawyers who constituted its various bars were men, as a rule, of college education, and were as pleasant and as delicious companions as could be gathered together anywhere in America. Some of them were men of great ability and very wide attainments, some of surpassing eloquence. When I aver, as I truthfully can, that Mr. Clay always found at that bar rivals who disputed with him in the estimation of the community the palm of eloquence; when Mr. Crittenden was not infrequently overmatched before the juries, and Thomas F. Marshall often gathered no laurels from forensic contest, it demonstrates that he who was able to make his way amid such men would find it possible to become eminent in any body of men he might enter.

Mr. BECK devoted himself to this practice with undivided assiduity until 1855, when he entered upon that form of political life which is the common lot of the lawyers of prominence in the Southwest, the making of political speeches in the canvasses which marked the political history of the country. In Kentucky the habit then was to have political debates where the rival parties were represented by chosen champions, the time equally divided, and the issues really discussed. Of course this rendered set speeches impossible,

and it soon revealed the ignorance of him who had superficially prepared himself. The mere declaimer and rhetorician soon lost power.

It was a sturdy and vigorous race of public speakers, and only the virile could successfully sustain themselves in such intellectual combats. They were as a rule courteously conducted, and confidential friendship between gentlemen on opposite sides of politics was very common. The stump debater had to be fully prepared on all points or he was soon driven from the stump.

Mr. BECK had entered the Democratic party. The defeat of Mr. Clay in 1844; the nomination of General Taylor over him in 1848; the compromise measures of 1851–'52; the death of Mr. Clay, and the temporary success of the American or Know-Nothing party, had destroyed the Whig party in Kentucky, and not unnaturally Mr. BECK, who had been a Whig principally because of his intense admiration and affection for Mr. Clay, became a member of the Democratic party, as did such gentlemen as I have already named—Williams, Preston, and others.

He was not an aspirant for office, and with very great reluctance he consented to become a candidate in 1861 for the State senate, in which race he was defeated by James F. Robinson, afterwards governor of Kentucky; but in that debate between these two successful and well-matched lawyers Mr. BECK developed higher qualities than he had theretofore exhibited, and, though defeated, made an impression which led to his subsequent nomination and election in 1867 to this House.

When the war was over and all political parties in Kentucky were in a state of great confusion and there was much diversity of opinion as to what was the proper course for the Democratic party to pursue, it was largely through

Mr. BECK'S influence that the organization known in Kentucky as the 1st of May Convention, which met at Louisville on the 1st of May, 1866, was formed, and his speech at that convention put him at once among the foremost of the Democratic leaders of the State. He did not desire to come to Congress, as I personally know, and accepted the nomination in 1867 with great reluctance. He felt it his duty to accept that nomination.

I also personally know that he did not like the life in Congress. I was at that time the editor of one of the Democratic papers of the city of Lexington, and my personal terms with him were extremely cordial. Before the long session was half out he wrote to his partner, Francis K. Hunt, esq., and to me, that he would not be a candidate for reëlection; that he could not afford pecuniarily to give up his practice, and he found that it was impossible for him to do his duty as a Representative and to undertake to preserve his practice, and asked me to announce in the columns of my paper his declination. I suppressed that letter and took the liberty of saying that Mr. BECK would be returned to Congress without opposition, and his personal and political friends overpersuaded him to consent to reëlection. Before the long session of the second term ended he announced that he would not accept renomination and reelection, and this caused the only contest which Mr. BECK ever had in that district.

Other gentlemen who had the laudable ambition to represent that illustrious district on the floor of this House announced themselves as candidates. Mr. BECK'S opposition to becoming a candidate was overcome, and after a somewhat heated canvass all opposition was withdrawn and he was reëlected. At the middle of his fourth term he peremptorily refused to become a candidate to the lower House,

but announced himself a candidate for the Senate, and was out of Congress one term, when he returned as Senator from Kentucky in the Forty-fifth Congress and afterwards received two substantially unanimous reëlections, so that his public service in Washington practically covered the entire period from his election in 1867 to his death in 1890, for during the Forty-fourth Congress, of which he was not a member, he was, perhaps it is not too much to say, the recognized leader of the Democracy of Kentucky.

Mr. BECK'S success in this House was in exact accordance with his success at the bar. It was not immediate; it was never supreme; it was great and honorable, and it resulted from the same causes—an industry which knew no cessation, a civic courage which nothing could daunt, an intense honesty of conviction, unusual abilities, and fidelity to the discharge of every duty, which was alike constant and honorable. His appointment as a member of the Committee on Reconstruction was somewhat accidental. It furnished him an opportunity for valuable service and conspicuous reputation. It was somewhat in the line of his lifelong labors. He surpassed in the art of cross-examination, and he was thoroughly trained in the skillful criticism of conflicting testimony.

Before that committee a vast amount of evidence, much of it false and perhaps more malignant, was taken. He did for the silent and calumniated people of eleven States what no other man had the precise opportunity to do, and what no other man in public life could have more ably done. The labors he performed were Herculean. The skill he exhibited was inimitable. The courage with which he performed that arduous work was superb. Other men have been perhaps more eloquent, and the graces of advocacy may not have been as conspicuous as if that duty had fallen to another;

but for vigor, the power of fierce criticism of evidence, the merciless skill with which perjury was demonstrated, and the intense and righteous indignation which his generous and lofty nature felt were never more nobly exhibited than by him during that period.

He was called apparently by Providence to be the representative of eleven voiceless and manacled States; and when the history of that period is fairly written there will be no more noble and conspicuous figure than that of this Scotch exile, who spoke for the freedom of the people, for the equality of the States, for justice to the conquered, and for the preservation of free institutions. Every work did he well do in the subsequent years of his career; but this was a peculiar duty; one which no statesman had ever been called to perform; one which it is to be hoped most sincerely no statesman will hereafter ever be called to perform. It gave him the love and gratitude of those States. It secured for him the esteem and affection of the people of Kentucky, and it won the confidence and respect of the entire North.

It was a generous sight which all brave men loved to contemplate to see this son of Scotland so diligently, laboriously, tenderly, and ably defend the defenseless for the high and patriotic purpose of restoring to a common country its fraternity and harmony, and securing for the future the maintenance of our American institutions and the permanency of our peculiar form of Government. It was an era in which great questions were being decided by great men; new and unprecedented questions arising out of that terrific war between the States; questions affecting the relations of the two unassimilable races; affecting the relations of the eleven Southern States which had formed the Confederacy to the Union; questions of taxation growing out of the enormous public debt and the burden of that debt; questions which

the ablest men in the most dispassionate period might well be perplexed to rightly consider and fairly decide, but which had to be decided hurriedly by men whose passions were still aroused, whose ambitions were at stake, and who were perhaps not unnaturally blinded by passion and by selfish considerations.

These questions were to be decided in the two Houses of Congress, each House an arena utterly unlike any other body in America, with modes of procedure, with traditions and unwritten rules which control unconsciously those who participate in its deliberations. Into this arena, in the midst of such men, the most of whom were trained parliamentarians and publicists, this stranger entered wholly without legislative experience and practically unfamiliar with every form of parliamentary procedure. That he could have maintained himself with credit would have been a remarkable achievement; that he made himself conspicuous was a demonstration of his rare combination of qualities. That he did this without offense shows his tact; that while doing it he won the regard of his opponents and yet retained the confidence and secured the affection of his political friends prove the nature and quality of his inner life and character.

Before he was transferred to the Senate he had shown his superior capacity to deal with other grave political and economic questions. He served with distinction on the Committee on Appropriations and on the Committee on Ways and Means, and, as was his habit, he qualified himself for the duties of each committee and became thoroughly and minutely familiar with the whole machinery of our Government, so as to be able to decide readily and wisely upon the advisability of any appropriation to be made to any of its departments or bureaus. He mastered the details of our complex tariff and what was then a complex and burden-

some system of internal revenue. There was no provision by which we raised revenue with which he was not easily and consciously familiar. So that when he became a member of the Senate he was equipped for eminent service on the two great committees to which he was ultimately assigned—the Committee on Finance and the Committee on Appropriations.

I need not in this ceremony undertake to speak of the services which in the daily performance of the duties as a Senator it fell to his lot to perform. That has been better told by the colleagues who for thirteen years and more served with him in that body.

He was always an intense believer in the equality of manhood as a practical truth, and his aversion to every form of class legislation or official discrimination was intense and at times perhaps extreme. He, however, fairly represented the average opinions of the State whose commission he bore. There is occasionally a sort of loose talk about the aristocracy of Kentucky—the aristocracy of the blue-grass region. Mr. Speaker, there never was a people so free from the prejudices of birth and rank, never a people so prompt to recognize and encourage merit. They are proud of their lineage, not because their ancestors held high position, nor because of any rank or station or wealth, but because whenever liberty needed a defender or truth a martyr some ancestor promptly stepped to the front to win heroically the battle or with equal heroism give his life to the cause. It is not of blood and titles that this people boast, but it is of private soldiers who fell at Bannockburn or Londonderry; of the obscure, whose names are forgotten, but can be found on the list of the convicted who were burned at the stake or beheaded on the scaffold; of the men who carried muskets, not swords, during the Revolutionary war, or with the

Kentucky rifle won that exquisite country from the Indian, or were with Jackson at New Orleans, or Harrison at the Thames, or McKee and Clay at Buena Vista.

The stories which are told to the children in that land are not of kings and counts and marquises; not of millionaires and merchant princes, but of plain, obscure men, whose loftiest conception was to do their duty, and whose too frequent fate was to give their lives for it. When I was the other day in the cemetery near Lexington I saw the graves of four Kentucky Senators. They were all poor men. The oldest was an orphan boy raised in poverty upon the frontiers of Virginia, who went to Kentucky nearly one hundred years ago, and was honored with all she could give solely because she believed he merited it. Another came to that State, an obscure orphan lad of twenty, with no inheritance but that of poverty and manhood, and she gladly gave him all he asked, and when he died the scepter of her love was transferred by her to another orphan boy who had made his own way in life, and who rose by the power of his own qualities.

These were the men whom Mr. BECK succeeded. They were men who made that district illustrious, and helped to make Kentucky's fame honorable. Amid that same people Mr. BECK cast his lot, and with the same generous recognition of his qualities, with the same loving regard for his manhood, and the same trustful confidence in his devotion to her, she conferred upon him all the gifts which she had in her power to bestow, counting the offices which followed her affection the least of those gifts, and counting her confidence and affection for him the highest manifestation of her judgment of his merit and his qualities.

It is a proud people, Mr. Speaker; it is a justly proud people; for amid them weak men do not hold leadership and

the base do not gain their confidence. In that State no seat was ever purchased on this floor; no one ever represented her, by her own choice, save through a pure and unpurchased ballot box. Her aristocracy is the aristocracy of honorable labor, and her confidence is given to those who merit it by their lives. It is an aristocracy of which any one may be proud. It opens its ranks to all who show themselves worthy, and it gives its confidence to all who deserve it. It was among such a people that such a man would succeed, and it was to such a man that the confidence of such a people should be given.

On a May afternoon, in a depot where busy men were rushing to and from the trains and thoughtless people came and went, where loving wives were being welcomed home by tender husbands, and little children were having the good-by said by tearful mothers, God came and took this man suddenly to Himself. It was an appropriate place and time for him to die. Not in the solitude had his work been done, but amid the busiest marts of busy men. He was not a contemplative thinker, not a poet looking into the depths of his own imagination, sympathizing with the world and singing of wrongs and remedies; but he was a vigorous man of affairs, giving his whole life to making men better, because he was trying to make the labors of their lives lighter. He had been conspicuous in every effort to take from trade its shackles. He had done all he could to give to the laborer better wages by giving unto him cheaper necessities.

He had tried with all the power of his great intellect and of his greater heart to make the life of the humble less burdensome and therefore more delightful; and it was not therefore inappropriate that he should finally lie down to die where the great motive power of trade was exhibiting itself in the practical affairs of life; to die where men were

handling those articles of merchandise which it had been the labor of his life to cheapen to those laborers, and which he had tried to make free from onerous exactions, making them more salable by wider markets. It was not unfit that a soul so tender was going to God where meetings of families were being held after partings, and where partings were tearfully taking place between families to whom he had tried to give better homes and easier lives.

It was not inappropriate that with him should be, when he fell, the daughter who had taken the place of the dead mother, who had entwined her life about him, who had been to him what all other ties in life might have been—son, daughter, wife, and friend. It matters not, Mr. Speaker, very much where the summons comes; it is of but little import where the messenger finds us when the summons comes borne by the hands of Death; that the order of our lives is changed and the battle ended, and for us peace and rest now remain. It is of but little import where we are found. The matter that is important is our readiness to receive it.

I enter not into his peculiar beliefs. I think I know what they were. We have traveled together, slept together, spoken together. We did not much associate in Washington because we were busy men; but each knew the other was his friend, and when we met, here or in Kentucky, met in consultation or in private life, there was between us no secrets. We had the same religious belief. We shared the same old traditions. We had sprung from the same people in the main. His ancestors and mine had been in the same ranks in the olden days.

The same truths in the same old way we both held—intense, narrow, perhaps, but such as give to men a certain

fixity and stability; a certain intensity; a reliance upon unseen and spiritual influences—beliefs which, like the power of the prophet, enable even servants to see that the chariots of fire and the horsemen thereof are on the side of those who love Truth and battle for it. He sometimes half humorously said that he believed "in the kirk and the covenant, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, in hell and damnation, and the eternal councils of Jehovah;" and sometimes humorously spoke of certain creeds as good for people who had been born half saints, but as for such sinners as he there was something needed greater and more powerful than the creeds that people better than he might get along with.

He was a sturdy, stout, vigorous, stalwart man, great in his physical power, powerful in his inner nature. He was a man of habitual self-restraint, and like all men of that particular character he was a double man. The life he wore outside had certain elements of sternness about it, a certain appearance of Scotch frugality and shrewdness, a certain indisposition to promiscuous friendships; like the rough burr, the outside of which sometimes pricks the fingers, but the inside was absolutely smooth and tender. No better father, no kinder, tenderer husband, no more loyal friend, no more sympathizing and generous man ever attracted love and affection. Little children went to him without fear, and the humble sought him without hesitation. I know instances in the circle of my own family acquaintances. I was the recipient of kindness myself.

I speak, Mr. Speaker, to-day, not merely as the Representative of the district which he once represented, of the State in which he lived, of the people among whom he did his life work and now rests; not in an official capacity simply as a Representative, but also as a member of the same bar and a

personal friend of many years standing. He was my brother's preceptor. He was my relative's partner. He was connected with me by every tie that two men not of the same blood can possibly have to bind them together in the same community. We have been together days at a time on the same side of important causes; we have led on opposite sides. We have shared common ambitions. He knew that I had no ambition that was not subordinate to my belief that he was better fitted for public service than I, and there never was a day that I did not have reason to believe that there was no favor which I could ask of the people among whom we lived that he would not do whatever he could to have it granted.

Standing to-day almost in the seat which he occupied when he was a member of this House, using language that I believe to be of the severest truth, I avouch that in the hundred years of Congressional history the American Union has never had in either House of Congress a native son who loved her more, who more deeply, tenderly, and reverently understood her institutions and was more earnestly, diligently, and faithfully devoted to them than this foreigner; and that confidence and affection which Kentucky exhibited in him during a quarter of a century was honestly won and entirely deserved.

ADDRESS OF MR. DUNNELL, OF MINNESOTA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Eminent achievements deserve commemoration. The useful and conspicuous life should and does command admiration. The man who overcomes and takes his place among the best merits the honor that will unfailingly come to him. The man of absolute integrity and of supreme devotion to his convictions will not be denied a place among the great. He is, indeed, great, for he has so wrought that his very spirit and nature have harmoniously unfolded as if in the light of a Creator's smile. Men of faults, even, will be rightfully honored when, in spite of these faults, virtues have been cherished, nurtured, and, through exercise, made majestic.

When a life ends which has resulted to its possessor in the attainment of merited honor, challenging the admiration of those to whom life is prolonged, why may they not cease their own work for a while and learn the lessons of life and of death? It is not amiss to let our business cease, our heated discussions have a pause, and we, in a quiet surrender of mind and heart to nobler emotions, study the teachings of human conduct.

The late honorable JAMES B. BECK was born in Scotland. He was neither better nor worse for that. While, without doubt, he had good blood in his veins, he had a richer heritage than blood. He had a will to work and to work well, whether as a tender of horses or a resister to the burdens and drawbacks of poverty in the New World. Among strangers, by unremitting toil he brought himself from the lower to the higher places in his adopted State. He earned the place he held, when, in 1867, the people of his Congressional district first gave him a seat in this House. He had earned it by

habits of study and self-improvement. He came here well equipped. He was forty-five years of age when first elected. He was then in the very prime and vigor of life, rugged of body and of mind. With the exception of two years his entire life after March 4, 1867, was spent in public labors.

My acquaintance with the late Senator began with the opening of the Forty-second Congress, March 4, 1871. This acquaintance was but general. I very soon, however, learned to hold him in high regard. His boldness and unquestioned honesty claimed admiration. He was eminently bold and fearless in the defense of his political opinions. He was not an orator. He spoke with force and remarkable directness. He had in him no evasions. His convictions were his own and his opinions were not borrowed. While courteous to antagonists, he gave no quarter and expected none. Few men have served in Congress during the last twenty years who have left a better name than JAMES B. BECK. His personal character was never assailed. His public duties were met with singular devotion. He became, in habit and taste, a thorough American.

Other members of this House who here to-day will take part in these ceremonies can far more appropriately than myself dwell upon his personal life They knew him better. They knew him in his home, in his social relations. I could not, however, decline to utter a few sentences during these memorial services.

He seems, in my mind, to have been one of God's noblemen, honest, upright, earnest, intelligent, conscientious, and thoroughly loyal to every private and public duty. I had the honor to attend his burial in the city of Lexington. It was a beautiful day. The streets and the cemetery grounds were filled with men and women who honored and loved the distinguished Senator. They found their way to the open

grave and rendered the burial service profoundly impressive. Standing by the grave when the body, all that was left of the eminent statesman, was lowered into it, bordered in profusion by nature's richest emblems of love and affection, and there recalling the intensely busy and laborious life he had spent in the public service for nearly a quarter of a century, there came to me these words of the poet:

> Weep not for him who dieth,
> For he sleeps and is at rest,
> And the couch whereon he lieth
> Is the green earth's quiet breast.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCCREARY, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: A great statesman, an eminent citizen, is dead. He sleeps now in peace and honor in the bosom of the State he loved so devotedly and served so faithfully. The history of his splendid public services and his noble personal traits will be preserved as long as our Republic lasts.

JAMES B. BECK was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 13th day of February, 1822. He seemed to imbibe from the healthful atmosphere and lofty mountains around his home vigor of mind and body, while the sunny scenes, singing brooks, and lovely lakes of this section helped to bless him with a happy, affectionate disposition. The historical glories of Dumfries, the fame of her Douglases, Bruces, Kirkpatricks, and also of Robert Burns, who resided here for a few years, impressed him and stimulated his energies and aroused his ambition for the accomplishment of the wonderful results which crowned his efforts in after years.

When he was sixteen years of age he bade farewell to bonny Scotland and joined his father, who had emigrated

to America in 1825, and wno became a prosperous farmer in Wyoming County, New York. A few years proved to young BECK that farming was not his vocation, and he determined to devote himself to intellectual efforts. With a prescience that was both remarkable and accurate he selected Lexington, Kentucky, as the arena of his life contest—the home of his happiness and success.

This noble Scot knew what he could do. He knew his birthright. He felt the glow of his superior intellect, the strength of his will-power, the fire of his ambition, the purity of his character, the splendid equipments with which God had blessed him, and he disdained to seek an easy, obscure place, but with the courage of his convictions and with "lance at rest and visor down," at twenty-one years of age he appeared at Lexington, Kentucky, where Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, the Breckinridges, Thomas Marshall, and a host of others had already won national fame. Undaunted, undiscouraged, and unknown, with no friends or relatives, and with no fortune save the health and strength and mind with which God had blessed him, he began a contest that was crowned with almost every triumph which grateful and admiring people could bestow, and which splendidly illustrated the opportunities of true manhood in America and the outcome and possibilities of all men under the generous influences of our free institutions, no matter where born.

In 1843 he managed a farm and devoted his nights to the study of law, and in 1846 he received his diploma from Transylvania University and commenced the practice of law in a judicial district famous for its able and eloquent lawyers. For twenty-one years he was unceasing and untiring in his devotion to his profession, and gradually forced his way to eminence and to distinction. The history of

Kentucky is luminous with the names of able and accomplished lawyers, but amid the brightest and ablest in her galaxy will always be found the name of JAMES B. BECK.

It was while he was practicing law that I first knew him. His physical force, intellectual energy, unswerving devotion to the interests of his clients, immediately attracted my admiration. Afterwards his genial, kindly nature, his ready encouragement of young attorneys, and his fidelity to the honor and dignity of the profession won my friendship and respect, which grew and strengthened through all the years of his professional and public life.

When Mr. BECK commenced his political life in 1867 as a Representative in the Fortieth Congress he was in the prime of a noble manhood. Study, experience, training at the bar, association with many of the ablest and most accomplished men of our country, had burnished and strengthened his intellect, and he soon proved in the councils of the nation that he was a worthy successor of the great statesman who had preceded him from the Ashland district, and that he would be able to give additional luster to the history of this already famous district.

The great crisis through which our Republic had just passed, the passions and prejudices engendered, the transition from terrible civil war to peace and order and reconciliation, demanded and received from him the closest and most careful consideration. Like a great gladiator, he threw himself into his work, and his intellectual force, endurance, courage, and devotion to justice, fair play, peace, and reconciliation will always be remembered with gratitude by millions of his fellow citizens.

Mr. BECK was four times elected a Representative in the Congress of the United States and then declined a reëlection as Representative. I have the honor to represent now

five of the counties formerly represented by him, and I have had many evidences of his wonderful popularity and of the love and confidence lavished on him by the people.

His election to the Senate of the United States in 1876, his reëlection in 1882, and his election again in 1888 (he being the second man ever elected Senator three successive terms in Kentucky) proves the estimation in which he was held by the people of his adopted State, and shows also with what fidelity and acceptability he had always attended to their interests.

As a Senator he had a broader field of usefulness, and as he became more conspicuous he achieved a greater national reputation. He was an acknowledged leader in the House of Representatives among such men as Blaine, Randall, Kelley, Knott, Logan, Cox, Garfield, Holman, and Colfax, and he was an acknowledged Democratic leader when Bayard, Thurman, McDonald, Lamar, Garland, Gordon, and Hill were his colleagues in the Senate; and he was for years chairman of the Democratic caucus of the Senate.

His unflagging, unfailing, unceasing work on the Committees on Reconstruction, Appropriations, and Ways and Means in the House of Representatives, and on the Committees on Finance and Appropriations in the Senate, and his speeches on bills reported by these committees and on almost every important question considered in Congress during his public service, so intimately identified him with American history that a sketch of his life is a sketch of his country's history for a quarter of a century.

In his native land people watched his career with pride and pleasure and never forgot him. A writer for an Edinburgh paper a few months ago said:

> Those who would see Mr. BECK at his best should see him on the floor of the Senate when some economic question is before that body. On

such occasions he is full of fire and force. His mighty arms swing like hammers. His Scotch tongue thunders out the shortest and simplest Anglo-Saxon words that can be found to compose his terse sentences. Now and then the clenched fist comes down on his desk with telling force. The whole speech is made up of facts and statistics. Like Joseph Hume, he is a man of figures, and, like him, he speaks like a problem in mathematics.

He never forgot Scotland, but always spoke with affection and tenderness of his dear native land. The following was one of his favorite quotations:

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?

He loved his adopted country with an unchanging affection. In every pulsation of his heart he was an American, devoted to popular rights, individual freedom, and self-government, and proud of the glory and watchful of the honor of the land wherein he had been welcomed and honored and to which he had dedicated his life.

He was the faithful friend and champion of the people. No man ever had better opportunities than he for knowing and understanding them. He came from the ranks of the people, and he loved to be close to them, and he had an abiding confidence in the integrity and patriotism of the masses. Like Ben Adhem, he would say:

Write me as one that loves his fellow men.

He was honest and candid and fair in all the walks of life. In his whole career no breath of suspicion ever assailed his integrity or dimmed the brightness of his honor, and whether we view him as citizen, lawyer, or Congressman, we see the impress of his splendid mind and the luster of his honest, noble manhood.

As a husband and father he was loving, faithful, and tender. His home was the place of his greatest happiness. He loved his children, and he warmly appreciated the unchanging love and devotion of his noble wife, who preceded him to the grave but a few years ago.

Mr. Speaker, "In the midst of life we are in death." On the 3d day of May last, when the spring flowers were blooming and the evening zephyrs were whispering words of hope and encouragement and all nature was redolent and glorious with God's blessings, Senator BECK died. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with his harness on, and the effulgence of his intellect and the sunshine of his disposition and the purity of his patriotism unimpaired, death claimed him and he went from the heights of earthly honors to the realms of immortality. We will miss him in the councils of the nation, we will miss him in the State of his adoption, where he was loved and respected so sincerely, we will miss him as a friend and as a colaborer in public affairs. In his life and achievements we have a grand example to strengthen manhood and encourage youth. In his death we mourn the loss of a great and good man.

In halls of state he stood for many years
Like fabled knight, his visage all aglow,
Receiving, giving sternly, blow for blow,
Champion of right! But from Eternity's far shore
Thy spirit will return to join the strife no more.
Rest citizen, statesman, rest; thy troubled life is o'er.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLOUNT, OF GEORGIA.

MR. SPEAKER: There is no age of mediocrity in American history. On the birth of the nation and at every period since each generation, giving itself to the living questions of its time, has furnished leaders of thought eminently qualified for their task. If while the battle was waged fierce passions and conduct marred its heroism, afterwards these have disappeared, leaving the qualities of learning, statesmanship, patriotism, and courage the pride and heritage to their children.

Washington, Hamilton, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin we all proudly claim as Americans. So passing along each decade we can readily enumerate great names on either side of all political contests, point to the elements of greatness developed in their lives, and rejoice that they are our countrymen.

If inequalities seem to exist at different periods in the proportions of men, they are the inequalities of opportunity, rather than of great qualities.

We revel in the burning eloquence of Patrick Henry, which caught its fire from the deep-seated and distinctly tabulated wrongs inflicted by the mother country on his countrymen.

We kneel at the shrine of Washington because he led our armies to a victory unattainable but for our isolated position, and every step of our country's progress in wealth and population and power intensifies the glamour about his name. The emergencies of war, of diplomacy, and statesmanship then were great, and made men who met them great. The air even to-day tingles with the praise of hundreds of those who made and sustained the young Republic. As it grew

and became confident in its strength, war and diplomacy occupied an insignificant place in the national life. Internal questions commanded public attention, and our marvelous development up to the civil war and subsequently is a tribute to American statesmanship which when studied glorifies it beyond even our heroic period. I can not speak with authority of that great conflict. This must be done, to be well done, by those who follow us.

From 1873 until now I have been a member of the House of Representatives. Taking my seat in this body I soon learned the men designated by its high intelligence as most eminent in the national councils. In the House were Blaine, Garfield, Kerr, and Beck; in the Senate were Edmunds, Sherman, Morton, Thurman, and Bayard. I might name others. It is easier to name these.

Turn over the pages of the Congressional Records of this period. Ponder the debates on the great public questions. If the problem is the reconstruction of the Southern States, or our system of taxation, or our expenditures and the propriety of them, or our financial system, foremost you will find there this Kentuckian, his mind a great storehouse of facts, immensely comprehending the pending issue, plying his opponents with the most powerful argumentation and evincing a courage and energy which never failed him in any situation. He was easily great. Coming to the House of Representatives, he was at once a leader. Entering the Senate, he at once successfully asserted himself the peer of its most distinguished men.

His life was devoted to his country's service. To it his death is distinctly attributable. The event is a national calamity. His immortality is embalmed in the records of the debates and legislation of his country. This he did for himself. It was not left for admiring friends to paint his

likeness for the present nor future times. He strode the pathway of greatness by inherent strength of mind, character, and toil. From the humbler walks of life in Scotland he rose to the highest eminence attainable by a foreigner here. He deserved more. The constitutional limitation which barred him from it should be shaken off by this great nation. The hour which gave birth to such jealousy has passed away from us. No foreigner is great here except as he becomes an American.

If Mr. BECK inherited from his Scotch birth and associations a love for liberty, sobriety, and industry, so did our ancestors transmit to us like qualities. When he came to us he found a people whose character and aspirations were on lines parallel to his own countrymen. He was easily an American. His life work was American, his countrymen were Americans. His remains rest not far from the remains of Henry Clay and John C. Breckinridge, and the people of Kentucky, generation after generation, will point with pride to the graves of these her great chieftains. The gallant sons and lovely daughters of that State poured out their generous grief over his death in such measure as honored them and him. There was a beauty in it which stirred my admiration for both such as I had never experienced before. He belonged not to them alone. He was one of the ornaments of his country, his age, and humanity. Pure patriot, great statesman, devoted husband, parent, and friend, sadly, reluctantly our utterance ends, only to sink us into silent, unutterable, unending grief that thou art gone.

ADDRESS OF MR. STONE, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: I desire only to put on record the fact of the high esteem in which I held Mr. BECK, and the great appreciation I had of him as a citizen of the State of Kentucky and as a public servant. No language can fully explain his real worth to his country, and all that may be said on this occasion will seem to those who have known him as only an index to his character.

Though an adopted son of Kentucky, his name, fame, and achievements stand upon as high a plane and shine as bright as any of her long list of noble, honored sons.

From his first entrance into public life the people of his State recognized his ability and usefulness. Soon his name became familiar to every section of this broad land, and everybody conceded his greatness as a statesman and patriot. As the years went by he somewhat wearied of official life and would gladly have given it up, but a demand went up from all over Kentucky that the district which had sent Clay, Crittenden, and Breckinridge to the councils of the nation should not permit so worthy a successor to retire until he had stood upon the highest political point possible for any one not born in America to reach. Then it was he yielded to the wish of the people and agreed to continue in Congress.

After eight years' service in the lower House he was elected to the Senate, and was twice reëlected, and his term of service there would only have been limited by the length of his life. His name is known and loved in every household in Kentucky, and when the news of his death flashed over the wires, sorrow and sadness entered every mansion and hamlet in the great State. He was the friend of all the people, and

so willing was he to listen to and serve them every one that they seemed to think his herculean frame and giant mind could never tire or need rest.

Mr. Speaker, I have little doubt that his efforts to do all that was asked of him after the election in 1884 had much to do with bringing on the fatal malady that ended his life. But JAMES B. BECK is not dead. His mortal body has lost its vitality and has been laid in the grave, on the spot of his own selection, by the side of his beloved and devoted wife, and is there moldering into dust. His soul is in the great beyond; where, none of us can tell. That is not for me to discuss. The matter of life, after death of the body, was with him and his God. Let us hope that all is well with him "on the other side."

But of his example and achievements and their effect on our race we may speak. His example is worthy of emulation by all. It gives hope and encouragement to every boy in our land who has an ambition to make for himself an honored name. Coming to Kentucky at the age of manhood, without money or friends, he began life as a laborer, and by honesty, industry, and application reached the topmost round of the ladder of fame, and with the love and confidence and esteem of all the people his life ended. Throughout his career no man has been found to pronounce aught against his name. No deed that would cloud the fairest and most delicate fabric of fame ever was charged against him. Honored and loved by all he entered into rest.

Mr. Speaker, to me his death came with such sadness and sorrow as only comes to man when his dearest friends die. I had known Mr. BECK as a public man during all his service in the House of Representatives. When he first became a candidate for the Senate I had the honor to be a member of the Legislature that had the duty of electing a Senator.

I espoused his cause because of his preëminent ability, because he deserved the honor, and because Kentucky needed his services. I shall always feel that I did myself honor and my State valuable service in casting my vote for him. My personal acquaintance began with him then, and I was the recipient of his warm friendship.

As the years went by the ties between us were strengthened. He was always ready to listen to me, to advise and counsel me; and by his wisdom I have many times profited and been facilitated in the discharge of my duties. When the news came to this Hall that Mr. BECK had died suddenly as he entered the Baltimore and Potomac depot, for one moment I was powerless to respond to the messenger who told me. There I found him, surrounded by a few friends, and his daughter, whom he loved so well, sitting by him inconsolable in her grief. He seemed only to be asleep, quietly taking his rest. Calm, and with no indication on his features of anxiety or pain, lay the manly form of the great statesman.

Asleep, and at rest; but the hearts of his family and friends were breaking with sorrow because he was not to wake again till the resurrection morn. His daughter said to me, "I want you to advise me what to do, for he loved you." That sentence, Mr. Speaker, I shall be proud of and shall cherish as long as I live. To be his trusted friend was honor of which any might be proud. He is gone. His life's work remains a rich heritage to the people of his State and the country. May its influence be the means of brightening the road of life for many of America's toiling sons, and may his words of wisdom bear rich fruit in the preservation, perpetuation, and advancement of the liberties of the people of our entire country.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENDERSON, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. SPEAKER: The life and character of the late Senator BECK have been so ably and eloquently presented by those who have preceded me in these memorial services that there seems to be nothing for me to add in paying tribute to his memory, and yet I am glad to bear testimony to his rich character.

It is now something more than nineteen years since I first met and made the acquaintance of Senator BECK. He was at that time serving in the Forty-second Congress as a member of this body. And, as I remember him, he was then in the full vigor of a noble manhood, robust and strong physically and intellectually. Being a native of Scotland, from whence my paternal ancestors came, and a Representative from a State in which my father had his birth, I was perhaps more strongly attracted towards him for these reasons. But it was not difficult to observe that he occupied an honorable, influential position among his fellow-members, and was really one of the strong men of the House. To-day, in the light of a better knowledge of his character and services, I can safely say that during his eight years of service as a member of this House he bore a conspicuous part in its proceedings, and served his constituents and the country with distinguished ability and with an unswerving fidelity to his public duties.

But, notwithstanding the prominent position which he occupied as a member of the House, he of his own choice voluntarily retired to private life at the end of his fourth term. He was not, however, long permitted to remain a private citizen. Recognizing his eminent worth as a man,

his great ability as a statesman, and his distinguished services as a Representative in this body, the people of his adopted State soon called him to the high office of United States Senator, an office which he filled with distinction and honor until death removed him from the councils of the nation forever.

During all the years of his service in the Senate, Senator BECK was one of the conspicuous figures in that distinguished body. He was one of the strong leaders of his party associates, as well as an active, earnest, able participant in all of the proceedings of the Senate, and no one, as it has seemed to me, was more devoted and faithful to his public duties than he.

From my first acquaintance with him I respected him. As I became better acquainted I learned to honor and admire him for his noble character, for his kindly, genial nature, for his intellectual ability, and for the many manly virtues which he possessed.

With this feeling it was with profound sorrow I heard of the death of this truly great man.

But he has fallen, and while we shall miss him in the Senate Chamber and in these legislative halls, we know he has left behind him an honorable record and a noble name.

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. SPEAKER: Representing the metropolitan city of the Commonwealth, which, in honoring JAMES B. BECK, distinguished itself, I would be remiss to duty if I did not place upon record the testimonial of love and affection of those who sent me here for their dead citizen and Senator. I would indeed be unhappy ever after this day should I allow

the last page of the life's history of the distinguished statesman to be made up and the book closed without my having voiced my personal bereavement and sorrow at the loss of a true friend and esteemed colleague.

There have been many things in my life which have touched my heart with pain, and darkened for the time my life with sorrow, but never have I been so shocked as when, traveling it seemed upon the air, the news was borne to this legislative hall that Senator BECK, on his arrival in this city from a visit to a man of medical science, had been suddenly stricken by death. His colleagues hastened to his side. They saw the powerful frame—powerful no longer—stretched in death. They gazed upon the features which were never to brighten more. The lines of the face were not hardened, the marks of distress or dread distorted it not; peace and contentment were there, and bore evidence that the distinguished statesman had entered upon his long sleep.

> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

As we stood by this dead form we felt that a loss had come to Kentucky, to the nation, to the world. The mournful days which followed that event, the errand of sorrow which carried his colleagues on this floor and the committees of both Houses of Congress back to the home and the people he loved so well, and placed his remains in that city of the dead where dwell already the shades of Breckinridge and of Clay, and left him to repose, after the work of a busy life was ended, waiting the rewards of a great hereafter, are all past, but will not be forgotten.

We of the Fiftieth Congress who believed in the doctrines he so tenaciously held and so ably expounded, after the successful passage through this House of a measure we thought freighted with so much good for the millions of the nation,

turned instinctively to Senator BECK as its firmest friend and ablest advocate in the body he honored by his membership. We were stricken with sorrow and dismay when it was said that, standing on his feet in the Senate of the United States, this man of iron constitution and indomitable will had been compelled to utter in regretful tones the pathetic words—

For the first time in twenty years of Congressional life I find myself unable to discharge my duty.

Stricken on his post by an enemy which never yet was conquered, Senator BECK would not surrender. Stretched upon a bed of sickness, he dictated his views upon the subject of the measure of reform this House had sent the Senate; and it is fitting that his last public work should have related to the cause which he had earnestly espoused, thoroughly investigated, and completely mastered.

Without kith or kin of influence to push him onward in the world, this son of Scotland, when a mere lad, sought a home in hospitable America. The story of his life, the trials of youth, the difficulties which surrounded him, the obstacles in his path, the success and triumphs of his career—all these furnish a history full of interest to those who would learn what determination, industry, and ambition can accomplish. Locating in that section of Kentucky which is justly proud of its beauty, and is boastful of the blue blood which flows in its veins, this Scotch lad, of obscure birth and without means, save such only as he could gather at the price of honest sweat from a manly brow, won his way step by step, until as a lawyer he was the associate in business of the proudest son the famed blue grass had ever known and loved—John C. Breckinridge; and eventually followed in his footsteps to this body and to the Senate of the United States—the second office in the Government, but the highest one to which one of foreign birth can aspire in the Republic.

It was no charm of manner which won for him distinction, for he was of rough exterior, albeit of as true and kind a heart as ever throbbed in human breast. It was not because he was a born orator, for the celestial gift of eloquence was not his birth right—he was a Demosthenes, not a Cicero. It was not because he had the arts of the politician, for he had no policy. He was blunt of speech, loved truth, hated falsehood, and scorned deceit. He won success by the genius of labor. He commanded the esteem of the nation, because of the honesty of his purposes and his devotion to the right. He worked with all his might, he shirked no duty, he neglected no trust, he betrayed no confidence. In the discharge of the functions of his high office he was true to himself, his party, his State, and the Republic. He leaves to the daughter he loved so well, to the son about whom his hopes clustered so fondly, the heritage of a spotless name, and one forever to be honored by the nation he served.

Kentucky feels her loss. The Scotch lad she adopted into her household became to her as dear as if he was "bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh," and JAMES B. BECK, whilst he never forgot the land of his nativity or ceased to love it, adopted the manners and the ways of Kentucky, and loved her with a devotion as great as if he had been born of her womb and had been nursed at her breast. Kentucky throughout all her borders mourns his death, and will cherish his memory with that of her Crittenden, her Marshall, her Breckinridge, and her Clay, as one who has contributed to her greatness and added to her renown.

ADDRESS OF MR. MCMILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.

Mr. SPEAKER: We can all feel but none can adequately describe the loss our country has sustained in the death of Senator BECK. When I entered Kentucky University as a student, in 1867, he had just been elected to Congress from that (the Lexington) district. His reputation was good then, and I took that pride in watching his course that is natural for one who was reciting in the same rooms where he had recited years before. When I came to this House, in March, 1879, he had been transferred to the Senate, his fame had gone beyond the continent, and he was known throughout the South as one of its greatest benefactors and to the whole country as one of its greatest statesmen.

Mr. BECK lived in two ages of the world. When he was born there was not a railroad on the globe; no telegraphs; no telephones. The stagecoach was the fastest means of land travel, the ordinary mail the fastest means of transmitting intelligence. He lived to see the time when he could eat, sleep, or work while traveling a mile a minute; when he could whisper across the country, talk across the State, and store away his very voice in the graphophone, to be given off, rich Scotch brogue, eloquent intonation, sigh for sigh and sound for sound, long after he is gone. He lived to see the lightnings of heaven yield to our philosophy. Yet his magic mind kept pace with this marvelous development and his genius kept him in the front rank of the foremost of mankind.

He had those qualities of head and heart which entitle man to succeed and cause him to succeed wherever enlightened civilization hath sway. He was bold to the verge of

fierceness in his opposition to and denunciation of oppression and wrong. He was gentle to the verge of effeminacy in his treatment of the weak, humble, or oppressed.

In society he recognized but one aristocracy, a combination of intelligence and integrity.

In life he had one motto—a conscientious discharge of every duty.

In government his maxim was that of the great founder of his party: "Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, political or religious."

He was a Scotchman. He was from a country of which may be truly said what Byron so beautifully wrote of Corinth:

> Many a vanished year and age,
> And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
> Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,
> A fortress formed to freedom's hands;
> The tempest's breath, the whirlwind's shock,
> Have left untouched her hoary rock.

He was descended from that brave and patriotic race that resisted alike the invasions of the warlike and all-conquering Romans of ancient times and the disciplined English soldiers of more modern times. His country could be overrun, but his people could not be conquered.

From Scotland to the uttermost parts of the earth her sons have migrated, making patient, painstaking, patriotic citizens wherever they have gone. Spreading out over Ireland and blending with that people, a race has been created known as Scotch-Irish, combining the pertinacity of the Scotch with the enthusiasm of the Irish, which has given to the field many of its bravest soldiers, and to the forum many of its most eloquent orators. He was proud that he was born in Scotland, but he was much prouder that he lived in free America.

Born in 1822, immigrating to the United States in 1838, he

first appeared in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1843. Henry Clay was in his zenith, and as a part of the same marvelous intellectual constellation, younger but famous or destined to fame, surrounding him were Tom Marshall, John J. Crittenden, and John C. Breckinridge. Yet in this group of illustrious men JAMES B. BECK was illustrious. The great Commonwealth of Kentucky was congenial soil to which to transplant this promising scion of Scotland. Her brave and generous sons were fit associates for such a man; her eloquent orators were a fortunate inspiration for such a soaring spirit.

Sir, the freedom of thought and action which Kentucky tolerates and encourages in her Representatives has done much to enable them to achieve that fame for which they are distinguished. She requires at their hands simply ability and integrity, and then leaves all to their judgment and discretion. Thus untrammeled Mr. BECK entered upon his Congressional career.

The greatest civil war the world ever witnessed had just closed. Living midway between the contending sections, and having taken no part in the fratricidal strife, he raised his voice in favor of a Union of hearts as well as of States. He saw what should have been apparent to all, that there could not be a destruction of local self-government in some of the States without its destruction in all. Hence, with all the earnestness of his intense nature he pleaded for the integrity of every State and the freedom of every citizen.

I know this is not the time to detail all the horrors and misfortunes of that period. Yet it is also true that he who would do full justice to the memory of Mr. BECK and to his noble and patriotic deeds must not altogether avoid them. He looked out and saw his country blood-blotted, many of its citizens disfranchised, and many of the State governments in reckless hands. To restore the ballot to the citizen,

local self-government to the States, and fraternal peace to the whole country was his ambition.

He lived to see the shackles of disfranchisement fall from the limbs of his people and to see them go untrammeled to the polls. He lived to see the States, as bright stars, back in our political constellation. He lived to see a prostrate people rise up and become prosperous. And, thank Heaven, he lived to hear the plaudits of a grateful people, who will teach their children and their children's children to revere the name and prolong the fame of JAMES B. BECK.

ADDRESS OF MR. HOOKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I am not among those whose names appear on the list upon the Speaker's desk. This arises possibly from the fact that I was absent during the time in which this list was made up. Listening to the eloquent tribute of his intimate friends, I have felt that I could not in justice to the dead and my memory of him permit this occasion to pass without some slight tribute, though unstudied, by one who in his earlier service in this House had been the recipient of so much kindness and courtesy from the distinguished Senator in whose honor we meet to-day to pay the last tribute.

Mr. BECK was about to leave this Hall to take his seat in the Senate of the United States when I was first elected to Congress. He was among the distinguished men to whom I was presented by my friends who had preceded me here; and of them all there was none to whom I feel I owe more gratitude for the kindness shown me as a younger member of the Congress of the United States, and for the advice which flowed from his kindly heart on many an occasion

when I had the honor to meet him. I have seen him in circumstances of elation, when he has received the plaudits of his fellow-citizens and the honors of the State that delighted to honor him, and I have seen him in the hours of affliction, when the hand of misfortune had been laid heavily upon him in the death of the most cherished member of his own household.

I chanced to be in this city, though Congress was not then in session, when he lost the partner of his bosom, who had been so long a source of consolation and comfort to him. Out of respect to him, though not associated intimately with his family, I was at the funeral of his wife on this occasion. The great affliction which he felt was manifested in that strongly marked face, subdued as it was on that day, by signs of sorrow to which ordinarily he was unaccustomed.

In every relation of life he has stood a marked type of a great man. It has been said by his distinguished friend and magnificent eulogist [Mr. Breckinridge], who stood so near and close to him, that his great power was the power derived from the fact that he was of and from the people. In that respect something has been said about his coming from the aristocratic region of Kentucky. He may well have laid claim to that term, Mr. Speaker. If you trace it back to its original Greek meaning, in which the word *ariston* signifies "best," he was indeed and in truth an aristocrat—claiming it from no lineage of blood, from no descent of ancestry, but claiming it as those may who like himself spring from the great heart of the people; claiming it because of his own ripe thought and his own noble action. In that sense he was indeed an aristocrat.

It has been said by my distinguished friend from Illinois, General Henderson, who served with him here so many

years, that he was not an orator. Sir, if I could make an improvement on the definition of oratory given by the great Roman orator himself, that it consisted of "action, action, action;" if I might presume to improvise on that definition, sir, and say that in my judgment oratory consisted of earnestness, earnestness, earnestness, then I should pronounce JAMES B. BECK the most magnificent natural orator I ever listened to. For he never spoke upon any subject that he did not render every one of his auditors conscious of the fact that they were listening to a man who was all over in earnest with regard to the subject about which he spoke. And I never heard him speak on any question that I was not reminded of a scene that occurred in my early life, when I heard that great old orator and Frenchman, Major Devizac, who was the aid of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, make a speech in the good old State of New Jersey on one occasion. It was out in the open air, to an immense auditory. A short distance away was a sluggish canal, and, speaking in apology for the earnestness and enthusiasm with which his French nature spoke, he said: "I am not like yon sluggish canal, but I am like my own raging Mohawk. I receive my enthusiasm from the people and I give it back to them."

So it was with this great orator from Kentucky; he received his enthusiasm from an education in the midst of the people. He knew them, and in the loftiest forms of eloquence, in that Senate of high debate to which he was transferred from this Hall, arriving there he leaped into that arena of high debate armed cap-a-pie for the conflict, and took his position side by side with the foremost Senators in debate that then sat in that august body. And when the chances of political fortune removed from that body its most magnificent exponent of the great truths of which he

was the advocate—when that grand old Roman, Senator Allen G. Thurman, was no longer there—it fell to the lot of the great Senator from Kentucky to take the mantle that fell from his shoulders and to rank as the great debater of the Senate.

In all the elements, therefore, which constitute true oratory, he may be said to have been an orator of the character that I have described.

But it was by those social qualities to which his friends more intimately connected with him than I am have alluded that most of us who knew him here felt endeared. There was no occasion of a social nature, when he was one of the guests, that crowds did not surround him to hear those genial stories and to bask in that genial smile and those earnest and eloquent appeals which distinguished him alike in conversation and in debate.

I have felt, Mr. Speaker, that the proprieties of this occasion would not allow me to say less, and they would probably not justify me in saying more. But I could not permit the occasion to pass by, unprepared as I am, without laying my humble tribute on the grave of the great Representative, the great Senator, and the great citizen in whose honor we meet to-day to pay the last sad tribute of earthly respect.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAND, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: I first met Mr. BECK as a member of the Forty-third Congress. He had for several terms prior to that been a member of the House. This was the first term to which I had been elected. Mr. BECK'S fame as a party leader was already a household word. He was at that time the leader of his party in the lower House, and upon all

matters pertaining to a great public and economic question he ranked among the ablest of the body that included Speaker Blaine, General Butler of Massachusetts, Randall of Pennsylvania, and Cox of New York. The State of Kentucky, his adopted State, after that transferred him from the House to the Senate, where he served continuously until his untimely death.

Kentucky has always with commendable pride and patriotic impulses endeavored to select her brainiest men for positions in the national councils. Mr. Clay, and Crittenden, Breckinridge, and her Marshalls have made the name of Kentucky famous for great men. Mr. BECK will be ranked with these, not only in the memory of Kentuckians, but throughout the nation. He was a man of great physical and mental powers; standing 6 feet or over, broad-shouldered and well-proportioned, he presented the picture of a Hercules. Those who remember him in fierce debate will never forget that stalwart form standing almost erect; yet as his subject warmed up he became more and more zealous in his cause, slowly leaning forward with his brawny arm reaching above his head, his clenched fist in an attitude as if to weld the force of his argument, typical of the sledge-hammer blows he dealt his opponent. His life was a life of work. He was not content with that ease that passable mediocrity would have accorded him, but his ambition was to excel.

Being a member of two of the most important committees of the Senate, the Committees on Finance and Appropriations, opened a field worthy of his great mental and physical powers. He was known to work not only for a whole day but until late hours at night. No ordinary man could have performed the labor that Mr. BECK did, yet he seemed merry and cheery withal, and apparently no inroad was made

upon his strong constitution; but when the crash came it was a sudden letting down of the whole system, which soon ended in death. He was the leader of his party in the Senate, the idol of his party throughout the country.

His great abilities, his unswerving fidelity to duty, with his known integrity of purpose, and sympathy with the great mass of the common people, caused a nation to mourn his loss. There was no man respected more than Mr. BECK by his political opponents. He was fair and just in debate, and never sought by indirection or vacillation to evade an issue. He was an oracle on the tariff question, and the great leader of the country on matters of currency and finance. His sympathies were with the debtors and the oppressed; and he never for a moment faltered in his devotion to the masses against the classes, and in him the common people of the country had a powerful friend, on whom they knew they could always rely.

It is no undeserved eulogy to Mr. BECK to say that no man in public life in our history had gained the confidence of the people as to his integrity of purpose, or their respect to his great abilities, that he had. Calhoun might have had more ability and keener logic; Webster a greater profundity in constitutional law and theory of government; Mr. Clay may have excelled him in his captivating manners and brilliant oratory, but none of these were the superior of Mr. BECK in the breadth of intellect or the extent of his work, or in patriotic purpose to serve his country.

SPEECH OF MR. MARCUS A. SMITH.

Mr. SPEAKER: At Friars' Carse, in one of the most romantic and historic shires in Scotland, many years ago, the immortal Ayrshire Plowman, on the glazed windows of a rustic house, with a borrowed diamond, inscribed these words:

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost.

While this may be true of many lives, it is not true of Burns, nor is it true of him whom the nation mourns today. A life so full of manly deeds, so rich in honest labor, can not be lost in darkness. Life is mortal, yet the great achievements of a great life are dedicated to immortality. If it were otherwise, how vain becomes the loftiest ambition of man, how useless are the noblest lives, and how tragic is every birth.

It can not be that the example left by the life of James B. Beck will ever cease to shine as a beacon light across the dark waters, attracting to its course many a storm-tossed boy. If his life be viewed only as an example in death, he bequeathed to the struggling, toiling boys of the world a richer inheritance than ever fell from princely hands.

It is not my purpose here to attempt a review of his distinguished public service, for that has already been done by those more intimately acquainted with his life in the two Chambers of this Capitol, but I can not forbear a word or two in this connection. Coming in early life from Scotland, he finally cast his lot in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, in the heart of the far-famed blue-grass region of Kentucky. Among a people second to none on earth in all the virtues which adorn American civilization and give stability to our

form of government, a people educated, well-to-do, brave, honest, proud, and manly, he very soon, by the rectitude of his life and the possession and practice of those virtues which had made the place of his adoption famous, attracted willing recognition which culminated in a love so strong that they dealt to him with unsparing hand the greatest honors in their gift. Recognizing the justice and generosity with which he had been received, he more than repaid in tireless labor and reflected renown the great debt which he felt was due them.

Flung into public life at a time when the country was in more danger from the passion and prejudice of legislation than it later was at the hands of open force, and coming from a border State of divided sympathies, he by manfully withstanding the beating storm attracted the attention of the whole people and sprang at once to the very forefront of that almost helpless minority to whose persistent patriotism is largely due the final peaceful settlement of those great problems which the war left as its bitter heritage.

Manfully and bravely did he do the work which duty assigned him. It is needless here to specify the great questions in which he took conspicuous position, for he was conspicuous in all he undertook. Taking an active part pro or con in all the controlling policies of the times, he died leaving no statesman behind him with more intimate knowledge of Federal legislation and few, if any, as well equipped for its duties.

Mr. Speaker, it is not as a public servant nor as a statesman that I must love to think of him.

I met him first at Lexington, Ky., in 1869, during my first year at college. I was then impressed with his great force and with his bluntness of speech, both of which somewhat awed me and forbade in me any effort to approach him.

My duties consuming most of my time gave me little opportunity to meet him, except, perhaps, on the street, where he always had warm friends about him.

After I had begun in that city the practice of law I met him frequently, and the nature that at first impressed me with its austerity became as tender, as approachable, and as kindly as ever graced the life of a gentleman. This was true not only in my case, but true as well with every man who knew him well. Many a favor could I now recall which he has cheerfully done me; yet his life was so full of favors and kindnesses to all whom he knew and liked that I forbear specific mention.

On my entrance to the Fiftieth Congress I met no one who gave me a more cordial greeting, nor any who ever took like time and pains to explain away the difficulties in which my ignorance of parliamentary law often involved me. He would have done as much for any young man seeking his aid. Within a strong, rugged exterior he carried as big and as true a heart as ever beat.

The just tribute and correct estimate of the man as he was, so ably presented to us by his distingushed friend, Mr. Breckinridge, make what others may say seem tame and commonplace. What most impressed me in the man was his unyielding, aggressive force, his tireless energy, and the direct, honest, straightforward methods of his mind. In the friend I was equally impressed with his tender consideration, his kindliness, his gentleness of soul, and the intensity of his love for his own people.

A better husband, a more affectionate father, and a truer friend has never lived or died among us. In every relation of life he rose to the fullest measure of exalted manhood.

Yet with all this the simplicity of his daily life was refreshing to behold, and made his friendship seem, as it was,

sincerely genuine. He loved the horse, the dog, and the gun as few men love them, and few men were better judges of them than he. With what zest he enjoyed the open air; with what ease he carried his gun over rough fields in search of game throughout the day; and when evening came he seemed as fresh and buoyant as morning found him, and charmed his tired companions with many quaint stories and delightful experiences which that or other such days had given him.

To me he was at times the most delightful talker I ever heard. His simplest stories, unconsciously to him, bore always a lesson to his younger listeners. I have gone from his companionship at times feeling that there was little worth reading that he had not thoughtfully perused. To the young men whom he blessed with a share in his confidence his mind seemed a perfect storehouse of valuable facts.

Mr. Speaker, Mr. Beck has been often likened to some of the sturdy forces of nature. The simile is not inapt. Viewed from a distance he appeared a rugged, rock-ribbed mountain, which, on approach to its bosom, revealed sweet violets blooming there, giving freely their gentle fragrance to all about them. I have never known a man in whom the gentle and the strong were so intimately blended. We shall never look upon his like again.

Though he has been succeeded in the Senate by one of the ablest men in public life, yet he will be missed and mourned, not only by his friends and associates, but by the toiling millions as well, in whose interest he had wrought so long and so faithfully. While the nation mourns its loss and friends weep at his bier one ray of light pierces the gloom, revealing to us the consolation that though he sleeps his life's great work still goes on toward final consummation He "has ceased from his labors and his works do follow

him," evidencing the rich reward to which he is entitled and which we know he now enjoys.

So much has already been so well said of the public service and private life of him who honored me with a degree of his friendship that I have been forced thus to speak somewhat personally of him as he appeared to me. I make no apology further than you may find it in my profound admiration for him as a statesman and my great love for him as a man.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE. Mr. Speaker, several gentlemen who expected to participate in these ceremonies have been detained by illness and other causes. I ask that they and such others as desire may be allowed to print remarks in the RECORD.

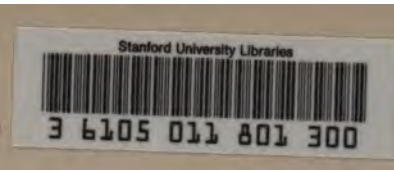
There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE. I move that the resolutions be now adopted.

The resolutions were adopted.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. MCCREARY). The effect of the adoption of the resolutions is to adjourn the House.

Accordingly the House adjourned.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